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JANUARY 30, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ART BY G. A. PHEFF



THE MISSILE

\$6.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXVII NO. 5

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B.F. Goodrich



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jobs so well



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LETTERS

Righthand Man

Sir:

With your Jan. 9 story on Sherman Adams, you have not only opened a new year, but you have also reopened the vast panorama of Washington with your very penetrating accounts of Government personalities in action.

RICHARD J. QUINLAN

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir:

Your interesting article reminded me of the best political quip that I have heard for years: "What would be the greatest tragedy for this country? If Sherman Adams would die, and Ike became the President of the U.S."

OLGIERD LANGER

New York City

Sir:

It seems to me the burning question is not who will be the next President, but who will be the Assistant to the President—the power behind the throne?

LILA F. JANEWAY

Syosset, N.Y.

Sir:

Up here, where "The Rock" was molded, we are grateful for your timely recognition of Adams. He has created—with full backing from President Eisenhower—a unique and much-needed role in the modern American political machinery. By the way, it's hard to see how he could have skated to the music of Mozart and Chopin, piped to "Webster Lake, near his Lincoln home"; actually, he, while governor, and Mrs. Adams rented a home at Webster to be near Concord.

RAY BOWLES

Manchester, N.H.

¶ The skating to music was done on Lake Winnepocket, near Webster.—Ed.

Sir:

Will Sherman Adams' hackles rise?
Will it cause marital rancor?
I wonder if it was unwise
For TIME to spill the Sanka?

RUTH MANLEY POWERS

Boston

Sir:

I cannot help wondering what Rachel Adams said when she learned that you had given away her Sanka secret. What Sherman



THE ADAMSES AT SCRABBLE

said is easily imagined from your vivid story. Incidentally, why didn't you give us a closeup picture of that capable lady?

E. H. BAILEY

Atlanta

¶ Rachel Adams (see cut), a woman to keep her own counsel, has already moved on to another ploy in the intra-family gamesmanship: Can her husband tell the difference between Vermont and New Hampshire maple syrup? Tentative decision: no.—Ed.

Sir:

The story concludes with a 15-word potential prophecy for the Republican nomination for the presidency: "The only person who really understands what I am trying to do," said the President of the U.S., "is Sherman Adams."

NORMAN D. MATHEWS

Montclair, N.J.

Rules of Order

Sir:

The translation of an understandable, desirable U.S. foreign policy [Jan. 9] is a masterpiece of journalistic expression. When set against the background of urgency so aptly described in your story on the H-bomb [April 12, 1954], TIME shows consistent national leadership unmatched in modern newswriting.

ERNEST E. WELLENBROCK

Hanford, Calif.

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Sir:

You ask if the U.S. makes sense to the world in January 1956? "Does it act?" and "Does it present to the world an idea of order?" Few would doubt that you have asked the right questions, but who is qualified to answer? A politician? Soldier? Industrialist? Farmer? Labor Leader? Professor? Rabble-rouser?

I. W. KINNEY

Laramie, Wyo.

Sir:

There is no American leadership for world freedom, because there is no press leadership. Popular demand breeds leadership. Popular demand is only whipped into articulation by a flaming press. Where are the volcanic thunderers of the press? William Randolph Hearst was damned, but he stirred the masses. Today we have a world crisis, but what American press stirs anything? The New York Times and the Washington Post are churchly papers, but what is their boiling point? No smoking anger ever billows from their pages. We are witnessing in these late years the most ghastly inhumanities; in the face of them our press is without fire and guts—it's ashamed of indignation, ashamed to rabble-rouse.

T. J. HAAES

San Diego

Christmas Amnesty

Sir:

So the ubiquitous Eleanor Roosevelt has gone and done it again! With 45 other egg-heads she petitioned President Eisenhower to grant "Christmas amnesty" to the 16 second-string U.S. Communists now serving prison sentences [Jan. 2]. The greatest service this professional do-gooder could possibly render to her country would be to buy a one-way ticket to Moscow.

W. G. MARTIN

Kerrville, Texas

Sir:

Let Eleanor and her "Protestant divines" read what happened to the Bradshaws . . . and let them go to and among the filthy Chinese; if they get back to the U.S. to how many Communists would they want to grant "Christmas amnesty"? Also her comments about Nixon. Who gives a damn what she thinks? Perhaps it would be well to let Eleanor select the next President. Maybe she would pick Harry Bridges.

RICHARD N. POWELL

Mobile, Ala.

Cypriots & Patriots

Sir:

Time's Jan. 9 report on Cyprus is probably the best I have read on the crisis on that unfortunate island . . . I served with the British army during the last war . . . but I can easily understand why the Cypriots wish to determine their own destiny.

C. A. CARRATT

Starke, Fla.

Sir:

Your objective analysis will contribute greatly in solving the Cyprus crisis . . .

D. CAMPAS

Athens

Sir:

Your coverage of the Cyprus situation was deplorable. Britain realizes the situation to be tragic, nevertheless necessary in view of the critical Near East situation. She is once more, in a small degree, holding the fort against aggression from the north, from possible eruption in the south, and adverse criticism from sources presumably friendly. Incidentally, could you survey the situation

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in Formosa and the off-China islands with the same penetrative binoculars, substituting a holding force other than Chiang's?

TOM GOSSAGE

McMasterville, Que.

Sir:

I would like to correct a minor discrepancy: E.O.K.A. is not a "Communist terror group." The initials stand for the Greek words National Organization for Cypriot Freedom.

ATHANASSIOS YIANNPOULOS

Berkeley, Calif.

The Word on Lola

Sir:

I was distressed to read in your Jan. 3 issue the description of the incomparable Lola Montez as a "hussy." My dictionary defines "hussy" as a "worthless creature," and surely a woman who was able to counsel kings and inspire geniuses was not worthless, and her mastery of the arts of love was a supreme accomplishment . . .

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

Winter Haven, Fla.

The First R

Sir:

After having completed "reedin" your provocative, but enlightening article [Jan. 9], I am led to wonder if the anguished cries of disgruntled parents could be nothing more than a rationalized realization of their progeny's inherited stupidity.

DONALD H. SHOTWELL

Athens, Ohio

Sir:

An excellent treatment of the present situation in the teaching of reading, and it deserves to be very widely read.

ROBERT W. COPE

Supervising Principal

Joint Consolidated School District
Schwensville, Pa.

Sir:

Thank you for helping the poor, old, patient schoolteachers of America put the dunce cap on Rudolf Flesch.

JOAN McLAUGHLIN

Mayfield Heights, Ohio

Sir:

As one member of the board of education here, I strongly protest that the reading study which has been going on in this community for the past three years was referred to as an example of action taken by parents and teachers who mistake "bad practice for bad theory." *The Phonetic Keys to Reading*, which is used here, could not be described as "a return to rigid phonics." The time expended by the teachers in an effort to find a method whereby more children may learn to read better, the results of which we are very proud, deserve a better evaluation.

ELIZABETH SQUIERS

Champaign, Ill.

¶ In its brief highlighting of various communities which have been experimenting with reading programs *TIME* should have given the effective Champaign program its proper due.—Ed.

Sir:

If those Chicago clubwomen, yawping and heaving about Johnny's unphonetic treatment in the public schools, would channel their time and energy into home reading exercises for Johnny instead of battering the school people, everyone would be much happier, including Johnny . . .

ROGER D. REDDEN

Baltimore

Man of the Year (Cont'd)

Sir:

The officers and members of our Executive Committee join in congratulations to you upon your selection [Jan. 2]. We share your respect and admiration for one of our top business leaders, whose constructive activities extend far beyond just the walls of factories. It is significant that this distinctive honor goes to a man well aware of the moral and spiritual qualities comprising the major force behind the success of our way of life. Because Mr. Curtice has accepted the responsibility of leadership of American business, I truly believe, along with TIME, that soon Americans "will be able to unleash their considerable powers for cultural, ethical and spiritual accomplishments of a magnitude yet unimagined."

C. W. CHRISTENBERRY, PRESIDENT
American-Korean Foundation
New York City

Sir:

Please, how many times must I ask you to print a picture of the family of your cover subject? I'm especially interested in



CURTICE & FAMILY*

Flint Journal

the wife and daughters of G.M. President Curtice—your Man of the Year—a surprising but good choice to my mind.

TAD FELTMAN

Playa del Rey, Calif.

¶ For a picture of TIME's Man of the Year and family on a 1952 vacation trip to Hawaii, see cut.—Ed.

Sir:

Not wishing to belittle Mr. Curtice's way of life, where "platoons of subordinates jump when he twitches," we would like to point out that we have a subordinate who jumps and twitches with no provocation.

RUSSELL E. WILLIAMS

Palo Alto, Calif.

Cancer Casualties

Sir:

Please allow me to correct an error in the report on future trends in cancer in your issue of Jan. 9. You stated that 31 out of every 100 males and 36 out of every 100 females born in the U.S. this year will eventually die of cancer. These are the percentages of people of either sex who will develop cancer some time during their lives—not die of it. Moreover, these calculations include skin cancer, which has a very high cure rate, and cancer of the lip, which is likely to be diagnosed early and treated with good possibility of cure.

JOHN R. HELLER, M.D., DIRECTOR
National Cancer Institute
Washington, D.C.

* Catherine Dale, Mrs. Curtice, Mary Leila (Mrs. Robert Claire Bishop) & Dorothy Anne.

Hot 'n Cold Beverage Center cuts Coffee-Break Time 50%



The new Oasis Hot 'n Cold greatly reduces lost time by serving piping hot water instantly—for on-the-spot enjoyment of instant coffee, chocolate or soups. No going out, no sending out . . . no mess, no unsightly hot plates or other apparatus. The Hot 'n Cold is the clean, fast, inexpensive way to give your workers the morale-building relaxation of the coffee-break, and you retain control. Read what users say:

Saves up to \$20.00 a day! A Pennsylvania Sand & Gravel Company reports "coffee-break time was cut two-thirds"—and the company is saving from \$15 to \$20 a day, thanks to the Hot 'n Cold.

Coffee-Break time cut 1/2! Employees of a prominent Milwaukee Specialty Company save money on coffee—and, according to the office manager, "coffee-break time is more than cut in half!"

Greater worker productivity! With the time out for coffee cut 50%, one of the South's foremost leather companies reports "greater worker productivity because now the workers stay on the job and business goes on as usual!"

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry R. Luce
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Roy Alexander

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Otto Fiersteng

Dear TIME-Reader:

TO report this week's hair-raising cover story on missiles, Los Angeles Correspondent Edwin Rees projected himself along a 15,000-mile course. It zigzagged up and down the U.S. from San Diego to Washington, from New Mexican firing ranges to Seattle plane plants, from SAC air bases to the tropical Bahamas over which missiles are flown. "I baby-sat for a Pentagon colonel to earn a few minutes of his time, and traveled 3,000 miles for a 20-minute interview with one general," he recalls.

At Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala., Rees ran into an enemy turned friend. He was a wartime scientist at Peenemünde, where the Germans developed their V-2s. When Rees asked the scientist if he was at Peenemünde on Aug. 28, 1944, he thought a moment, then cried in a deep accent: "Ach, I sure was! The bombers came, and they hit my house and knocked me out of bed and almost killed me." Rees explained that he was there, too, as a radio-operator-gunner in a B-17.

A New Yorker by birth and Californian by choice, Ed Rees came to TIME as an office boy at the end of 1941. He was soon off with the Eighth Air Force, dropping bombs on Peenemünde and other targets. He shrugs off his 32 missions over Germany and Occupied France, but the military did not take them so lightly—Rees was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and five Air Medals.

Since the war he has made a specialty of Southern California's aviation industries. But he has reported a wide range of cover stories from

MURRAY GIBERT



ED REES & NIKE

Olivia de Havilland (TIME, Dec. 20, 1948) and Olympic Athlete Bob Mathias (TIME, July 21, 1952) to Test Pilot Bill Bridgeman (TIME, April 27, 1953) and Air Surgeon John Paul Stapp (TIME, Sept. 12).

WHILE Correspondent Rees was gathering material for the cover story, Science Editor Jonathan Norton Leonard touched base with old friends and acquaintances among the Germans at Redstone and the U.S. technologists who are today's missilemen. To them, he is a writer who speaks their strange tongue and can translate it for laymen. In conformity with established TIME practice, the story was shown to Pentagon authorities to make sure that the printed version would contain no violation of security.

For a reasoned and readable report on the time of day in our missiles movement, see "Missiles Away," beginning on page 52.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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More than 3100 men and women can testify to the amazing work of the two famous Rehabilitation Centers operated by Liberty Mutual for badly injured employees of Liberty policyholders. Above is a scene in one of the Centers,

with patients engaged in supervised exercise to retrain muscles and limbs. 87% of all cases admitted have been improved by treatment, and of the 3100 improved cases, 82% were returned to work as useful, self-supporting citizens. Liberty's consulting medical specialists, physical therapy, prosthetic service, personal counseling, aptitude testing, job retraining — all combine to restore work ability. Liberty's rehabilitation program benefits the injured, reduces insurance costs.



"I HAD A HYSTERICAL WOMAN TO CALM DOWN. Her car was damaged and it was my fault. I called up the Liberty Mutual claimsman — asked him to talk with her. She hung up smiling. In a few days she thanked me for the way her car was fixed." Fast, fair claims service is one reason why Liberty is your best buy in car insurance.



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AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S
COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH,
GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME



NEW IDEA KEEPS BUILDINGS SAFE FROM DYNAMITE BLASTS. An instrument developed by Liberty Mutual engineers measures ground vibrations, tells exactly how much dynamite will be safe. This is typical of Liberty's research for the sake of human safety and loss-prevention. Research such as this also helps keep insurance costs low.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The 77th Conference

On the last day of his third year as President of the U.S., Dwight Eisenhower addressed himself, publicly and frankly, to the prime political question of the U.S. and the world. Before his 77th formal press conference, crowded by 290 reporters, cluttered by the paraphernalia of TV cameras and cables, the President read out a telegram he said he was sending to Harry E. Jackson, the deputy secretary of state of New Hampshire.

"I have your courteous telegram of Jan. 14," the President read, "advising me that petitions have been filed at your office which qualify my name for inclusion on the presidential preference primary . . . I am grateful that the petitioners have expressed this kind of personal confidence in me. I do not feel that I should interpose any objection to such entry."

Progress: Normal. The President continued: "However, because I must make clear to all that lack of objection cannot be construed as any final decision on my part relative to a candidacy for a second term in office I now hold. I hope that all who vote in the Republican primaries in 1956 will carefully weigh all the possibilities and personalities that may be involved."

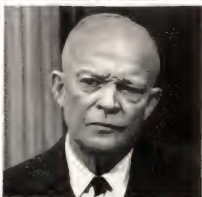
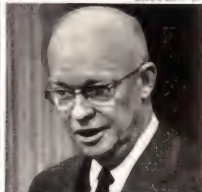
"Freedom to select, nominate and elect a candidate to public office is basic to our American political system. Because I deeply believe that every citizen should have the widest possible choice in expressing his own preference in such matters, I would hope that the accident of my illness and the necessary period for determining the degree of my recovery would not have the effect of interfering with the privilege of every member of our party to express his preference for the presidential candidate of his choice."

"It would be idle to pretend that my health can be wholly restored to the excellent state in which the doctors believed it to be in mid-September. At the same time my doctors report to me that the progress I am making toward a reasonable level of strength is normal and satisfactory. My future life must be carefully regulated to avoid excessive fatigue. My reasons for obedience to the medical authorities are not solely personal; I must obey them out of respect for the responsibilities I carry."

"The personal decision to which I refer



Stanley C. Green/Lia



THE PRESIDENT AT LAST WEEK'S PRESS CONFERENCE

will be rendered as soon as it is firmly fixed in my own mind. I shall strive to see that it is based as to my best judgment on the good of our country."

As for how he was bearing up under the stresses of his job, the President noted: "I have had some quite intensive days—yesterday was—and I think that with the —by following closely, as closely as I can, the regime the doctors laid down, that so far I have gotten by very well."

Item: Dulles. The President then underwent some thoroughly intensive questioning on a troublesome issue, the *LIFE* article about Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' views of how full-scale war was averted.

Said the President:

"Now, I don't know all of the things that are alleged to have been said. I have complete faith in Mr. Dulles. I do not know whether they were unfortunate expressions used in that article by him or by someone supposed to be reporting them. But I know he is devoted to peace. He has spent his lifetime in this kind of work. He is a man of great professional skill in the field, and to my mind, the best Secretary of State I have ever known . . .

"This is what I say: that I am supporting before the world a program of peace. It is really waging peace, based upon moral principles of decency and justice and right. If you are going to do that and are not going to be guilty, every time the thing looks dangerous, of a Munich, you have got to stand firmly. You may interpret that as being at the brink of something, because the other fellow can react according to his own desires and what he believes to be his best interests.

"But when it comes to the matter of war, there is only one place that I would go, and that is to the Congress of the United States, and tell them what I believe."

Item: Ridgway. As the President expected, a reporter brought up another troublesome issue: General Matthew B. Ridgway's attack in the *Saturday Evening Post* on the Eisenhower Administration's defense policies. The President dismissed abruptly. General Ridgway's contention that domestic politics influenced the reduction of the U.S. Army: "Well, first, if ever I have made a military decision out of deference to internal politics then I have been guilty of violating my own best determinations. I am determined never in that field to be influenced by such a thing." The President advised his questioners to check with Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson whether Ridgway had or had not concurred in the 1954 decision to reduce Army manpower.

Then the President bore down hard on Ridgway: "As all of you here know, since back in 1940, I have been receiving advice from every kind of military assistant. Their advice is often expressing their own deeply felt, but, let us say, narrow fears.

"If I had listened to all of the advice

I got during those years, there never would have been a plan for crossing the Channel. Indeed, I think we wouldn't have crossed the Atlantic Ocean. We certainly would never have invaded Africa and the Mediterranean, and I know we never would have crossed the Channel until yet. So finally there comes places where people in authority must make decisions based on the best advice they get."

The Date? Reporters kept probing back to the President's health and his future plans. The President replied: "I will say this: I myself said I would seek the advice of my trusted friends and associates and I have been busy doing it. But as that goes on there is a flood of mail and the mail generally is of one tenor only.* I am—after all, a person, no matter how many political enemies he has, does also have lots



HOUSEWIFE SCHNEIDAU
"Sir, even in Texas . . ."

Via Helix

of friends and it is—they believe in him and they are very anxious to express their views."

Towards the end of the 77th press conference a reporter asked: "Mr. President, has any date been set for this medical examination?" The President laughed. "Thank you for asking that question," he replied. "I came over here from my office this morning and knew there was something I had forgotten to do." He turned around to an aide: "You remember that!" He turned back to the reporter: "No, there hasn't!"

At 10:57 the traditional cry went up, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the conference was over. "Nice to have you back," one reporter called out as the President, a remarkably poised and unfustered heart patient, strolled jauntily out of the room. Ike turned and smiled. "Nice to be back," he said.

*The tenor: run again.

REPUBLICANS

"The Heart Is So Full"

There is no way that the President of the U.S. and the American people can conduct a dialogue on the political subject uppermost in the minds of both. Dwight Eisenhower knows this. "I could devoutly wish," he said last week, "that there were some method by which the American people could, under the circumstances, point out the path of my true duty. But it appears that this is a question that first I alone must answer."

The President was speaking over a closed-circuit television network* to more than 70,000 men and women in 53 cities. They had paid some \$5,000,000, at up to \$100 a plate, to attend Salute-To-Ike dinners (planned before his heart attack) honoring his completion of three years in office.

Party orators were out in corps force; they included nearly all the Cabinet, many of the White House staffers, more than a score of Republican governors, Senators and Representatives. The motif was partisan right down to the "First Lady Salad" in Spokane and the "Fresh Asparagus Spears Nixon" in Cleveland. There were the inevitable bloopers: in New York's dingy Madison Square Garden a television screen went blank just as the President began speaking, came brightly back just as he finished. There was evidence of ward-level tricksters at work: the Los Angeles dinner committee, dominated by Nixon supporters, invited California's Governor Goodwin J. Knight to appear only after making certain that Knight had already accepted an invitation from San Francisco. Sniggered a committee member: "When 'Goodie' found out that the San Francisco dinner wasn't going to be on television and the Los Angeles one was, he almost burst a gut."

But despite such flaws, the Salute-To-Ike dinners were an occasion for high emotions. In Flint, Mich., an audience of 635 alternated between wild cheers and near sobs. In Chicago Vice President Richard Nixon wept silently in the darkened amphitheater while Ike, speaking from Washington, expressed his thanks for the tributes that had been paid him. And Dwight Eisenhower's own eyes glistened with tears as he sat in the ballroom of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel and watched the television scenes flashing from city to city, with speaker after speaker talking directly to the President, thanking him, blessing him and wishing him well.

The Great Picture. The President and Mrs. Eisenhower stepped into the Sheraton-Park's ballroom at 9:55 p.m. Ike in a

* Closed-circuit television was begun seven years ago in Theatre Network Television Inc. (TNT) has since been used extensively for business conferences, medical demonstrations and heavyweight championship fights. Last week was TNT's first political effort. The TNT company leased more than 10,000 miles of telephone lines from A.T. & T. Cost to Republicans for their closed circuit: \$240,000.

dinner jacket with white carnation, Mamie radiant in a lavender cocktail dress, wearing a single strand of pearls and earrings with the word "Ike" printed on each, Ike raised both arms in familiar salute to the crowd, then went with Mamie to a table, where they sat sipping ice water and watching the movie-sized television screen. As the TV program began, a single spotlight centered on the Eisenhowers, forcing the President to shield his eyes with his right hand.

From Washington the television scene shifted to Chicago, where 10,000 candles, symbolic of friendship toward Ike, glowed in the darkness, and Fred Waring's choristers sang, "Thanks, Mr. President, we honor you tonight . . ." Ike, chin in hand, peered intently; Mamie hunched forward in her seat for a better look. A few feet away Television Adviser Robert Montgomery murmured to himself: "Great picture, great picture."

The speakers in eleven cities addressed themselves straight to the President; the messages were personal. Some were corny in their text, but all had a quality of rare sincerity. Ike got his first big laugh when Actor James Stewart, in Los Angeles, began haltingly: "Mr. President . . . General . . . Sir . . ." But the President was plainly touched when Stewart, who had served under him as a bomber wing commander, concluded: "God bless you, Mr. President." When the Atlanta pickup came, both the President and Mamie gazed closely at the face of their old friend, Golfer Bobby Jones, as though trying to fathom Jones's present state of health (he has long suffered from a spinal ailment). Ike laughed happily when Jones assured him that "the golf course is in fine shape." Minutes later the scene switched to Houston, with the crowd roaring. "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You"—to which Ike briskly tapped time with his foot. A wide-eyed Texas housewife, Mrs. Calista Schneidau (a mother of six), delivered her little speech ("We've watched the performance of your Administration for three years and, sir, even in Texas we've never seen anything so good") so neatly and devotedly that in Chicago Dick Nixon leaned over to Senator Dirksen and whispered: "Ev, let's run that girl for something."

To President Eisenhower's delight, the deadpan face of Glenn Stephens, who was the engineer on Ike's 1952 campaign train, flashed onto the screen from Detroit. Stumbling in several places, Stephens read his lines woodenly—and still managed to sound as though he meant every word of what he was saying. "If you want to go train-riding again," said Stephens, "just let me know. I have my hand on the throttle, my lunchbox is full, and I'm ready to start."

"He's Almost Bald." Not one of these speakers made an open appeal to Ike to run again. They simply let him know that, as individual men and women, they liked him—so, too, in a different way, did the professional politicians who spoke during untelevised parts of the dinners. They

told the President how much his leadership had come to mean.

On a personal basis California's Goodie Knight marveled at "what it is that could cause so many people to express so much devotion. This man isn't handsome. He's almost bald. He is not an orator. He is not a politician in the sense of being skillful at the calling."

In Hartford Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams explained the President's position vis-à-vis his party. Said Adams: "There is one accomplishment that I happen to know the President of the U.S. hopes to achieve during these four years. It is this—that the Republican Party shall be built into an effective and dominating force in American politics. He speaks of this, not in any narrow partisan sense, but from his point of view that a national need exists for an organism that reflects



ENGINEER STEPHENS

"If you want to go train-riding . . ."

the platform, principles and objectives for which he has stood." In Pittsburgh U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. summed up the Eisenhower record and the "great fact that we have prosperity without inflation, without waste, and with an excellent chance of a balanced budget; and that we are having this prosperity without war and without war orders."

Visibly Affected. By the outpouring of good feeling toward him, President Eisenhower was visibly affected. He showed his feelings during his brief talk, which closed out the evening. As he spoke, his physician, Dr. Howard Snyder, stood about 25 ft. away, watching the President closely. Several times Mamie Eisenhower smiled encouragement to her husband.

The President had written formal thanks into his prepared speech. But, finding it unequal to the occasion, he interpolated feelingly: "The heart is so full that it is indeed dangerous to try to say more than 'Thank you.'"

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Matter of Current Interest

Into the arena strode John Foster Dulles. More than 200 reporters, waiting in the State Department auditorium, were the lions—at least they were ready to growl. Dulles eyed them with a slight smile. "I have a brief statement to make," he began, "about a matter which I judge to be of current interest." He noted that an article in *LIFE*, which had said that the U.S. policy of strength had deterred the Communists from full-scale war in Korea, Indo-China and the Formosa Straits "has attracted much comment." He then read a statement:

"Let me say this: I did not write the article. I did not review or censor the article, or know of its title. I did not know in advance of its publication date, and, in fact, I did not read the article until after it was released for publication . . . I believe that the United States should adopt every honorable course to avoid engagement in war. Indeed, I have devoted my whole life to the pursuit of a just and durable peace. I believe, however, that there are basic moral values and vital interests for which we stand, and that the surest way to avoid war is to let it be known in advance that we are prepared to defend these principles, if need be by life itself.

"This policy of seeking to prevent war by preventing miscalculation by a potential aggressor is not a personal policy; it is not a partisan policy; it is a national policy. It is expressed in mutual security treaties which we now have with 42 nations, and which the United States Senate has overwhelmingly approved . . .

"This policy of making clear our position in advance, of course, involves risks . . . It is a calculated risk for peace. But as we have learned by hard experience, failure to make our position known in advance makes war more likely, because then an aggressor may miscalculate. The policy of deterrence is only one aspect of the task of maintaining a just and durable peace. It is necessary to be patient; it is necessary to be conciliatory; it is necessary to make our peace a vital force for justice and human welfare, so that all men will aspire to share that kind of peace. My views with respect to peace have been made known on many, many occasions, and there is no reason to think that they have altered because the article, like others dealing with complex subjects of foreign policy, inevitably tends to emphasize oversimplification and special emphasis."

"Brought." When Dulles concluded his statement, the questions came snapping in. Dulles would not say whether or not he recommended to the President a form of retaliation against Red China if it intervened in Indo-China: "I am not going to discuss the contents of the article, because that would make it into a sort of state paper." A reporter came back on Indo-China: "When are we going to get the facts?" Another reporter came

back on Quemoy-Matsu: "Why do we not make our position clear?" Dulles replied to this one: "I think it is clear." The reporter said: "It is not clear to me, sir." Dulles said: "It is not clear to you because you, like me, cannot read the minds of the Chinese Communists. But to them, I think it is quite clear." The reporter persevered: "What do you think they think we mean to do?" Dulles answered: "I think that they think that if an attack is started there which comprehends a claim to take by force Formosa and the Penghus, that we will fight."

Dulles pointed out that many of his critics had drawn his statements to LIFE out of context, to the effect that "the getting to the brink of war might be our choice rather than a choice that was forced upon us . . . The important thing is that we were brought to the verge of war by threats which were uttered in relation to Korea . . . to Indo-China . . . and to Formosa." Dulles then attempted, a bit hopefully, to wind up the whole affair. "The substance of what had been attributed to me was substantially accurate and in line with what I previously had said . . . I saw no reason to issue a repudiation or a correction . . . [But] the article, I'm sorry to say, gives me a great deal more credit than is my due. The title of it [How Dulles Gambled and Won] gives me too much credit; the article as a whole gives me too much credit, and, as such, it was bound to attract criticism in some quarters. I regret the fact that some people have given me too much credit, although I do not regret the fact that there are some people who seem to approve of what I have done."

"Yackety-yack." The row, of course, did not end there. All week U.S. Senators and other sundry public figures spoke out for and against John Foster Dulles.

For: Republican Senators Saltonstall, Wiley, Bridges, Mundt, Knowland, Thyne, Bender, Alexander Smith; Cabinet members Charles E. Wilson, George M. Humphrey and Vice President Richard M. Nixon (who termed the row "yackety-yack").

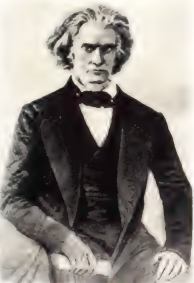
Against: Democratic Senators Humphrey (five times at bat on the LIFE article), Symington, Sparkman, Fulbright, Mansfield; House Speaker Rayburn and Presidential Possibles Adlai Stevenson (three times at bat on the article), Estes Kefauver and Averell Harriman.

By week's end, however, the uproar showed signs of settling at least into international perspective. British Prime Minister Eden indirectly arrayed himself alongside Dulles on the essential point: that deterrence was the policy of Britain, the U.S. and their allies. The London *Daily Telegraph* sharply attacked Dulles for his wording, his timing, and his manner of self-expression, "but to allow these marginal comments to provoke us into denouncing the central burden of his argument—that peace has depended in the past and still depends on American willingness to fight—is to cut off England's nose to spite Dulles' face."

THE SOUTH The Negative Power

The U.S. South is—or once was—a way of life. It is also a political position. It is also a social structure. It is also men and women involved in that life, that political position, that social structure. To them, the U.S. Supreme Court's decision against segregated schools has an emotional charge almost unimaginable outside the South. To most Southern Negroes it means that the gates of opportunity have opened. To most Southern whites it means that the gates of chaos have opened.

Given a glimmering of understanding of how powerfully the emotion runs, the marvel of today's debate in the South is how rigidly channeled it is into legal and



JOHN C. CALHOUN

"Without a negative, no Constitution."

constitutional molds. "You want your kids to go to school with niggers?" is an ugly question, but it is less ugly if the resulting action turns on constitutional science rather than mob violence.

"Deliberate & Palpable." Last week the great phrase in the South was "the doctrine of interposition." The phrase has an illustrious ancestry. In 1798-99 the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia passed three resolutions, written by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, in protest to the Alien and Sedition Acts. "In the case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of powers not granted [by the Constitution]," wrote Madison, "the states, who are parties thereto, have the right and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them."

The Alien Act expired in 1800, the Sedition Act in 1801, and the challenge of Madison and Jefferson died with it.

From time to time, the doctrine of interposition was revived (notably by New England, against the War of 1812, and by Wisconsin, in a challenge to the Dred Scott Decision), South Carolina's John C. Calhoun brought the doctrine to its full flower. He gave the back of his hand to numerical majorities, inventing the phrase "concurrent majority," by which he meant the agreement of "each interest or portion of the [national] community." Each group should have a veto power to stop governmental action favored by all the others, much as the U.N. Security Council works—or fails to work—today. Wrote Calhoun: "It is this negative power—the power of preventing or arresting the action of the Government—be it called by what term it may—veto, interposition, nullification, check or balance of power—which in fact forms the constitution. They are all but different names for the negative power. In all its forms, and under all its names, it results from the concurrent majority. Without this there can be no negative; and without a negative, no constitution."

"Null & Void." Interposition was put to its ultimate test when General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard's ultimatum touched off the bombardment of Sumter.

Despite the verdict of Appomattox, the doctrine of interposition now walks through the South again. Last week, in the Virginia Senate, on Robert E. Lee's birthday, State Senator Harry Carter Stuart, a great-nephew of General Jeb Stuart, introduced a resolution "Interposing the sovereignty of the State against the encroachment upon the reserved powers of this State." Borrowing the adjectives of Madison, the resolution condemned the Supreme Court's decision as "a deliberate, palpable and dangerous attempt . . . to usurp the amendatory power that lies solely with not fewer than three-fourths of the States." Crying "We have too long remained silent," the resolution invited other states to ask Congress to call a convention that would draft a constitutional amendment to "settle the issue of contested power here asserted." Under the Virginia plan, the proposed amendment would affirm the Supreme Court's power to desegregate schools. Then, the South confidently hopes that the amendment will be defeated when fewer than the required three-quarters of the states ratify it. With twelve fairly solid Southern nays, only one more state would be needed.

As it turned out, last week's Virginia Resolution was a very watered-down version of the original. Earlier drafts, which bluntly declared the court decision null and void (after the style of Calhoun's nullificationist South Carolina in 1832), were abandoned when it became apparent that they would probably not pass the general assembly. Many assemblymen feel that outright nullification would be absurd and futile; other Virginians fear that it might interfere with the Gray Plan (TIME, Jan. 2).

The Alabama legislature, zooming past the Richmond pied piper, last week passed a much more rebellious resolution. "Until the issue between the State of Alabama and the general government," it said, "is decided by submission to the states, pursuant to Article V of the Constitution, of a suitable constitutional amendment that would declare, in plain and unequivocal language, that the states do surrender their power to maintain public schools and other public facilities on a basis of separation as to race, the legislature of Alabama declares the decision and orders of the Supreme Court of the U.S. relating to separation of the races in the public schools are, as a matter of right, null, void and of no effect; and the legislature of Alabama declares to all men that, as a matter of right, this State is not bound to abide thereby . . ."

The path of interposition led in a direction that sober Southerners faced with aching hearts. But they were caught in a way of life, a political position and a social structure from which retreat was not easy. In Richmond this week, the governors of Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia will meet with Virginia's Governor Thomas Stanley to discuss the doctrine of interposition. No doubt, there is a better answer than Civil War II.

MISSISSIPPI

The Yockanookany Moderate

It was a great day in Jackson. The temperature was a nippy 43°—downright cold by Mississippi standards—and only a wan sun seeped through the mackerel sky to fire up the golden eagle that perches (facing resolutely south) on the State Capitol dome. A crowd of 3,000, including a very few Negroes, turned up for the occasion. The first official guests to arrive were a phalanx of Mississippi's 1,200 colonels, in battalion strength dressed in identical charcoal flannel suits and grey felt hats. The natty new look, it was explained, was a substitute for the old military uniforms, which did not seem to fit the unarmylike stance of the colonels. Among those reporting for duty were four of the principals of the Emmett Till murder trial—the prosecutor, the Tallahatchie County sheriff, the jury foreman and one of the defense attorneys.

The Band Played Dixie. After the colonels had settled themselves on the steep Capitol steps, Governor-elect James Plemmon Coleman arrived. The Blackwood Brothers Quartet warmed things up with a program of hymns (*The Lord Is Counting on You, Deep Like a River, Jesus Loves Me*), wound up with one that was described as the favorite of Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement, *Take My Hand, Oh Precious Lord, and Lead Me Home*. Then the combined hands of the Universities of Mississippi and Mississippi State raised the local temperature with a rousing rendition of *Dixie*.

Promptly at noon, with his hand on his mother's Bible, J. P. Coleman took the oath of office as Mississippi's 51st gov-

ernor. He was an impressive figure (6 ft. 2 in. tall, 235 lbs.) towering over most of the nearby dignitaries. Coleman can be distinguished from most Mississippi politicians in another way: he does not inflame or make political capital out of the segregation issue, although he is, like nearly all white Mississippians, a convinced racist.

Coleman was born 42 years ago this month on a 120-acre red-clay farm that had been in his family for five generations, on Yockanookany Creek, near the hamlet of Fentress in east-central Mississippi. The Colemans are a large and vigorous clan, spread over most of the South (the Governor is president of the Coleman Family Association), and J. P.'s parents gave him a sturdy body, a happy home, and a solidly Prohibitionist Baptist

handed kept the rebellious Mississippi delegation from bolting the party, by his forcefulness and negotiating skill. In last summer's gubernatorial race (*TIME*, Aug. 11), he was the calmest, least racialistic of the five candidates, won the runoff handily.

In his inaugural address, Coleman showed a wistful yearning to resuscitate his state's national reputation. "Mississippi," he cried, "will be a state of law and not of violence . . . Despite all the propaganda which has been fired at us, the country can be assured that the white people of Mississippi are not a race of Negro killers. Official figures . . . for 1954 show that in that year eight white people were killed by Negroes, while 182 Negroes were killed by members of their own race."

He is as flatly opposed to the Supreme



MISSISSIPPI'S COLEMAN (CENTER, HAND UPRAISED) & COLONELS
In the first place I am a loyal American . . .

Jerry Keilh

upbringing. After chores and school, Coleman liked most to read, spent much of his leisure time perusing the *Congressional Record* and borrowed histories. After he finished high school, he set off hopefully for the University of Mississippi, 100 miles away, with a truckload of yams, which he planned to barter for his tuition. The potatoes rotted unsold, but Coleman worked his way through Ole Miss just the same, waiting table planting WPA shrubbery, delivering newspapers and sleeping on a cot in a Y.M.C.A. attic. In 1937 he went off to Washington as secretary to a Congressman. Four years later he was back in Choctaw County with a law degree and a bride—a pretty Indiana girl who had been a Capitol Hill secretary.

The Calmest of Five. Coleman, intensely ambitious, plunged into politics. He moved up from district attorney to circuit judge to attorney general. At the 1952 Democratic convention, he impressed the political bigwigs, and almost single-

Court's integration as the wildest-eyed advocate of Civil War II, and, in his quiet way, he is probably a more effective foe of desegregation. "There will be no necessity to abolish public schools nor will there be any mixing of the races in any of the state educational institutions," he said in his address. "This is no task for the amateur or the hothead . . . Those who propose to mix the races in our public schools might as well try to dip the Atlantic dry with a teaspoon." But later, while he was being rubbed down before going to two inaugural balls (one for the public, one for the colonels), Coleman explained. "I believe in preserving segregation," he said, "but I don't believe in making war [over it]. In the first place I am a loyal American, and in the second place you can't win. I am a Southerner, all right, but I am also an American. This city of Jackson, our capital, was named after a man who said, 'Our Federal Union must and shall be preserved.' That's what I believe."

LOUISIANA

Younger Brother

In a New Orleans hotel suite sat an unkempt man, his flesh folding in rolls above his belt. He sipped contentedly from a jar of pure honey, bestirring himself now and then to waddle across the room, or to scratch himself, or to snap his suspenders, while the returns from the Democratic primary election for governor dined into his ears: "Long 113,261 . . . Morrison 87,128 . . . Preaux 25,048 . . . Grevenberg 16,863 . . . McLemore 18,227." "Looks good," he croaked. "It's in the bag."

As the evening wore on, it grew clear to all that the unkempt man, Earl Kemp Long, had been elected for four years as governor of the great state of Louisiana. Since Earl Long was the younger brother of the late Huey Pierce Long (d. 1935), it was only natural that memories of "the Kingfish" should crowd into the hotel room, given the victorious occasion and the company. Around Earl sat some of Huey's old associates: former Governor Richard W. Leche (rhymes with flesh), who went to jail in 1941 for mail fraud; Robert S. Maestri, mayor of a graft-ridden New Orleans for ten years, until ousted by a reform candidate in 1946; George Reyer, Maestri's police superintendent; and Abe L. Shushan, former president of the levee board, who also went to jail in 1941 for mail fraud. Earl began to reminisce to the boys in the room about their late leader:

"The pioneering that Huey did had a lot to do with my victory," Earl Long said. "We were more or less opposite types, however. I'm the slow, plodding type, and Huey was quick and ready at all times. He was kind of on the style of

Alexander the Great. Alexander conquered the world before he was 21 and cried because he didn't have more worlds to conquer. Huey was like that. I've often wondered how Huey would have made out physically if he had lived to be an old man. He died when he was 42. I'll be 61 next August." Earl Long then went outside, and over to his campaign headquarters. "This is a great victory—not just for Earl Long," he proclaimed to his followers, "but for a cause."

"I Can Sell Anything." Nobody thought that Louisiana's new Governor-designate Earl Long had the fiber and versatility of brother Huey, who had made Louisiana his private province. Nonetheless, there were stirrings of shock, or of joy, that the Longs were making a comeback. Huey's son Russell is an able and respected U.S. Senator from Louisiana; another of Huey's brothers, George Long, is member of Congress from Louisiana's Eighth District. Earl's election put the capstone on Louisiana's monumental living tableau to the memory of Huey.

Governor-designate Earl Long, like Huey, grew up amid the piney woods of northern Louisiana, stamped by the social doctrine their father believed in. "There wants to be a revolution," the father used to say. "What do these rich folks care for the poor man—their women don't even comb their own hair." Huey, accentuating the positive, translated this into "Every Man a King."

Huey got a job selling Cottolene, an oil shortening, and he hopped about from farm to farm telling stories, baking cakes, quoting the Bible, and proclaiming: "I can sell anybody anything." Earl followed, selling shoe polish, stove polish,

patent medicine. When Huey moved on to study law, so did Earl; when Huey entered state politics, so did Earl.

Amid growing storm and scandal throughout the nation, Huey served three years as governor, building 8,500 miles of roads, distributing 600,000 free schoolbooks, teaching 100,000 illiterate adults how to read and write so that they could qualify as kings. Huey dispensed thousands of jobs to consolidate his power, converted the state police into a semi-private army, and ran up the state debt from \$11 million to more than \$100 million. Huey called the state legislature "the finest collection of lawmakers money can buy." Earl's contribution was often to placate or scare the lawmakers, and he once did it in a clumsy way that displeased Huey. When the legislature tried to impeach Governor Huey, Earl hurled himself upon one hostile lawmaker and bit his throat. Huey thought that impolitic.

"Liar Earl Long!" In 1931 Huey moved on to serve four gaudy years in the U.S. Senate. Back home in Louisiana, however, Huey's slights and snubs, his withholding of the choicest of the plums, were beginning to pique Earl Long. One dramatic day Earl walked out on Huey, letting it be known that he, Earl, had fought Huey's childhood fistfights for him. Earl screeched, "Big-bellied coward!" Earl later confronted Huey, face distorted and arms flailing, during a U.S. Senate hearing on election fraud. When Earl intimated that Huey was susceptible to graft, Huey raged at Earl: "Listen to that! Liar Earl Long!" But Earl shouted back: "I stood with you as long as I could, but you run wild!"

In September 1935 Huey was assassinated in the corridor of the State Capitol by Dr. Carl A. Weiss, on account of a family grudge. Needing a Long, however unpalatable, Huey's machine put Earl on the ticket for lieutenant governor. In 1939 Earl won promotion when Governor Leche resigned shortly before the discovery of a state mail-fraud scandal. There followed a raucous conflict between the Long forces and a group of reformers, out of which Earl Long emerged once more, in 1948, for the second time governor of Louisiana.

Earl ran the state on a straight Huey program of veterans' bonuses, old-age pensions, roads—things people would be "able to see and feel." Earl seemed pathetically determined to prove himself a better man than Huey, once proclaiming, "Huey couldn't have been elected dogcatcher without my help." But Earl could never develop the splendor of Alexander the Great and Huey. Once Earl, entertaining friends at his home, spread out a copy of the hostile New Orleans *Item*, and spent the afternoon spitting on it.

"Poor Man's Friend." Earl could not succeed himself under the Louisiana state law, and in 1952 the anti-Long reformers came back. In 1955, Earl readied himself for his own comeback by having all his teeth taken out and by preparing



Pierre A. Hughes—New Orleans Times-Picayune

EARL LONG & WIFE

A monumental, living tableau to the piney-woods Alexander.

monster newspaper advertisements in which he misquoted the Bible:

*Better a little with righteousness
Than great revenues without right*

Earl faced heavy opposition—notably from DeLesseps ("Chep") Morrison, reform mayor of New Orleans, and Francis Grevenberg, the racket-busting state police superintendent. But Earl's opponents decided to campaign mostly by TV, and this gave Earl an opening. Although he had suffered a heart attack in 1950, Earl did not spare himself. Month after month he ranged the state, six to eight speeches a day, spit and scratch, handing out free hams and groceries, bringing on the hill-billy boys, whooping it up in the backwoods to break the monotony of rural life. There are 64 parishes (counties) in Louisiana, and Earl Long carried all but Orleans and nearby Plaquemines.

Upstate, Chep Morrison, a Catholic, failed to make headway against an old tradition that a Catholic cannot be elected governor of Louisiana. In New Orleans, which Morrison expected to sweep, he barely skimmed through on top: analysis of the vote showed that a lot of the Negroes unexpectedly chose Long as "the poor man's friend."

"No One Except Me." In his hotel suite in New Orleans last week, Earl looked ahead to four more years of jousting for "the common, ordinary man." Earl, who was loyal to Adlai Stevenson in 1952, talked about national politics: "I don't want no more Republicans. . . I just think Republicanism is upside down. If we have a good presidential candidate, Louisiana will go Democratic again this year." Earl hoped that President Eisenhower would not run because "he might accidentally win." Red-eyed and frog-voiced, dog-tired, Earl Long concluded his account of last week's election: "I got votes from the poor, the middle class and the rich class, and from thousands of our fine colored people. I never let up speaking. I feel very humble. I am deeply grateful for the confidence that the fine men and women in all walks of life placed in me by electing me a third time. No one has ever done it in Louisiana except me."

No one who knew Earl Long doubted that this boast was directed to the memory of the brother he loved and hated.

TENNESSEE

Man to Watch

Among Democrats, Tennessee's 35-year-old Governor Frank Clement is a man to watch—and to hear. With a rafter-quaking oratorical style, Clement hopes to roll his throbbing clauses to the vice-presidency this year. A typical Clement peroration: "Once in this world, a lonely figure climbed a cross-marked hill, and went from there into an airless tomb. He was the foe of lies, dishonesty, theft and treachery. He was the champion of truth, honor, faith and bravery. It is my fervent prayer that I can so live as to be worthy of His sacrifice. If you cannot find it in



Bill Preston

ORATOR CLEMENT
Horry was helping.

your hearts to give me your votes, I beg you to give me your prayers."

Clement's vice-presidential strategy is fairly well set up. By withholding Tennessee's delegate vote from Home-States Estes Kefauver, Clement thinks he can win the favor of front-running Candidate Adlai Stevenson. With the help of his great admirer, Harry S. Truman, Clement hopes to land the coveted convention assignment as Democratic keynote speaker. From that platform Clement is certain that his talented tongue can get him onto a Stevenson-Clement ticket.

CRIME

Family Circle

For killing a policeman, Hurbie Franklin Fairris Jr., a pasty-faced 22-year-old with a duck-tail haircut, was electrocuted last week at the McAlester, Okla. State Penitentiary. Hurbie had an interesting history. When he was 16 months old, an uncle was electrocuted in Texas for the murder of a prison guard. A few years later Hurbie's mother, who separated from his father when Hurbie was very small, shot her second husband to death. She got out of that one on self-defense, but when she killed her third husband, she drew a five-year jail term. Hurbie's brother Bethel is currently doing ten years for burglary, and Uncle Iwana Fairris is serving a life sentence as a habitual criminal. Peggy Ann Fry, Hurbie's girl friend, is in a West Virginia prison for transporting a stolen car across state lines. A few hours before the execution last week, Hurbie's father went to Oklahoma City, pleaded vainly with the governor for Hurbie's life, blaming the boy's background. In order to make the trip, Hurbie Sr. had been released under police escort from the Paris, Texas jail, where he is awaiting trial for burglary.

THE CONGRESS

Healing Hand

It was a moment the Democrats had long dreaded: the opening of the U.S. Senate debate on the natural gas bill passed last year by the House. In passionate support of the bill were Democratic Senators from such gas-producing states as Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas. In furious opposition were Democratic Senators from such gas-consuming states as Illinois, Minnesota. The prospect of a Democratic bloodletting was eminently pleasing to Republicans, who figured they had only to sit back and enjoy the spectacle. They reckoned, however, without the healing hand of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Soothing Words. Texan Johnson was himself in the forefront of those who supported the bill, which would relieve gas producers from the federal rate controls now imposed on them. But, foreseeing the consequences of party split in an election year, Johnson urged the extreme partisans on both sides to discuss the issue on its merits, avoiding all forms of invective and recrimination. Several times on the Senate floor, when Illinois' Paul Douglas became excited in his attacks on the bill, Johnson strolled over, threw an arm around Douglas' shoulders and whispered soothing words of party unity.

To handle the bill on the floor, Johnson picked Oklahoma's amiable Senator Mike Monroney, at whom nobody ever gets mad. Backing Monroney was Arkansas' syrup-toned Senator William Fulbright, who specializes in charm. In the background was Oklahoma's heavy-fisted, wrath-kindling Senator Robert Kerr, longtime champion of the gas producers.

Lyndon Johnson also worked out a leisurely Senate schedule—noon to 6 p.m., five days a week—so that Senators might not succumb to the irritability that comes with fatigue. The gas bill's backers presented their case during the first three days of debate, then gave over the floor to the opponents. Johnson privately warned his side not to interrupt the opponents with too many questions but, rather, to let them talk themselves out. The result of Johnson's managerial tactics was an orderly and uncommonly high-quality discussion of the gas bill's issues.

Pro & Con. The bill's supporters argued that gas production is a competitive business (there are more than 5,000 producers, with the largest 100 companies having some 80% of the market) and therefore should not be subjected to public utility rate-making processes.

The bill's opponents denied that competition among gas producers is enough to protect consumers, on whom any increase in production rates would eventually fall. Explained Paul Douglas, in beginning a 150-page speech: "I know that the widespread publicity campaign of the oil and gas industry that 'competition' can be relied upon to protect the consumer against exorbitant prices is not supported by the evidence. It ignores the decisive fact that, unlike coal, oil, cheese, milk,

beer, potatoes, copper and other commodities to which industry literature mistakenly compares gas, there is only one feasible method of distribution of gas—the pipelines and the local gas mains.”

In that tone, the debate continued. By midweek, Lyndon Johnson was satisfied that there would be no unhealing wounds among Democrats. He made a brief speech on behalf of the gas bill, then took the rest of the week off.

THE ADMINISTRATION Unfixed Asset

Bone-tired from the eight-month process of pulling together the \$65.9 billion budget for fiscal 1957, Budget Director Rowland Hughes (TIME, Jan. 23) slipped into the White House one day last week and, for “compelling personal and family reasons,” asked the President to set a date for his resignation. They agreed on April 1, and while Hughes ducked out for a week’s rest in Boston, the President released a blue-ribbon letter of “deepest regret.” He wrote: “You should take vast pride in the balanced budgets now at hand . . .” When he leaves Government service, 59-year-old Hughes intends to take a six-month vacation, is uncertain what he will do thereafter.

As Hughes’s successor, Ike nominated Percival F. Brundage, 63, for 20 months Hughes’s deputy in the Budget Bureau and former senior partner of the top-ranking accounting firm of Price Waterhouse & Co. Brundage (Harvard, ’14) is a Republican, father of two, and lives in Montclair, N.J. When his mind wanders from his ledgers, it wanders great distances: he is president of the Friends of Albert Schweitzer College Inc., and keeps a bust of the 87-year-old philosopher-missionary on his Budget Bureau desk.

OPINION

Know Your Enemy

Up before a Rotary International Club luncheon in Manhattan last week stood the nation’s top labor leader, President George Meany of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. His message for U.S. businessmen: don’t go soft on Communism. If it seemed upside down for a labor leader to be telling business to beware of Reds, George Meany soon explained his point.

“Somehow or other, many in our American business community are not sufficiently alert to the danger of world Communism,” he said. Their most serious error, in his view, is that they believe that Communists at home are the main Communist threat. “Since these businessmen don’t see Moscow as the mainspring of the Communist menace to American progress and prosperity, and to world peace and human liberty everywhere, they turn to appeasing the Soviet rulers.”

Know Your Weapon. Meany quoted a statement by General Motors President Harlow Curtice (in the current *Look*): “I no longer see any reason why sales of cars and other peacetime products to the Soviet bloc cannot be increased as long as

such sales fit in with U.S. State Department policies.” Said Meany: “Doesn’t Mr. Curtice realize that to the Iron Curtain rulers, to the Communist warlords, foreign trade is not so much an economic undertaking, as we know it in the free world, but rather a political weapon to be used against us?”

Then he turned to read off a statement by that oft-bloodied but unbowed anti-unionist, Steelman Ernest Weir (in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*): “Western nations should proceed on the premise that Russia now wants peace and more stable international relations,” Meany snorted. “In my opinion,” he said, “Mr. Weir would be serving America better



Stan Wayman—Rapha Guilleme
LABOR'S MEANY
Capitalists of the world, unite.

if he renounced his attitude of suspicion and distrust of collective bargaining in our own country before he showered his trust on Khrushchev and his comrades behind the Iron Curtain.” Somewhat to Meany’s surprise—and probably to theirs too—applause broke from the 500 Rotarians.

Know Your Way. Businessmen, Meany continued, might well study the A.F.L.-C.I.O. system of sending representatives abroad to explain free-trade unionism “and the ever-better conditions of life and labor in the American economic system . . . Believe me, [Europe’s] cartel-ridden economies have no idea of what free enterprise really is—let alone how it works in the U.S. . . . Why could it not be made clear to some of the [foreign] businessmen how it is impossible to get sales volume without the working people and the middle classes having adequate purchasing power?”

* Many a U.S. company operating overseas, e.g., General Motors, Ford, the Arabian American Oil Co., Sears, Roebuck, has taken the lead in raising wages and improving local working conditions.

But as for Communist countries, “I urge you not to let the prospect of monetary profits blur your vision. Know your enemy. Don’t help him. Do more than that. Help the cause of free enterprise by supporting sound economic policies and good labor-management relations at home, and democratic foreign policies overseas.”

HISTORICAL NOTES

Vicarious Atonement

The first volume of Harry Truman’s memoirs, serialized in *LIFE*, brought denials from Henry Wallace, ex-Secretary of State James Byrnes, ex-Attorney General Francis Biddle and ex-Foreign Economic Administrator Leo Crowley. This week the first installment of Mr. Truman’s second volume brought denials from Bernard Baruch, General Albert Wedemeyer and onetime Ambassador Patrick Hurley.

¶ Wrote Truman: “Baruch is the only man to my knowledge who has built a reputation on a self-assumed unofficial status as [presidential] ‘adviser.’” Truman said that the 1946 U.S. atomic-control proposals which bore Baruch’s name were mainly drawn up by Dean Acheson and former AEC Chairman David Lilienthal. From Hobcaw Barony, his South Carolina plantation, Baruch retorted, “When the full story of the drafting of our atomic-energy proposals is made public, including all and not part of the facts in Mr. Truman’s possession, history will show no basis for this display of personal spite.” Actually, said Baruch, when he took on the atomic-control assignment and asked who was to make policy, “Mr. Truman made this exact and perhaps characteristic reply: ‘Hell, you are.’”

¶ Defending General George Marshall’s ill-fated attempt to make peace between the Chinese Communists and Nationalists in 1945-46, Truman declared, “Hurley and Wedemeyer led me to think that they believed” in the possibility of collaboration between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists. Replied General Albert Wedemeyer, former U.S. commander in the China Theater: “This is not correct, speaking for myself.”

¶ Hurley, wrote Truman, “was an impetuous sort of person” who, in November 1945, while still Ambassador to China, publicly attacked the U.S.’s China policy less than two hours after he had been amiably discussing the Chinese situation with Truman. At that point, said Truman, “I realized that Hurley would have to go.” In a 16-page rebuttal, Pat Hurley claimed that he had resigned before attacking Truman’s China policy, charged Truman with inventing “mythical conferences, mythical fierce speeches and synthetic quotations.” Then Hurley went on to lay the blame for the fall of China on Truman, “Throughout his memoirs and public utterances,” snorted Pat Hurley, “the former President shows his sincere approval of the Christian doctrine of vicarious atonement; he invariably attempts to make others atone for his own mistakes.”

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MIDDLE EAST

Points of Conflict

Gathering his experts about him, Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden got set to visit the U.S. this week. The major problem on his agenda was finding Anglo-American agreement on the Middle East where, warned Eden, "a universal explosion could easily be touched off."

Before leaving England, Eden sought to quell the domestic discontent with his leadership: "I want everyone to understand this," he told a Tory audience. "This country is not on its way down, and this government is not on its way out." But most of his hours were spent on pre-

scraps between Saudi Arabia and two British-protected sheikdoms. The British charge bitterly that the Saudis offered an \$84 million bribe to one of the Buraimi chieftains. The British want the U.S. to restrain the Saudis, who have got rich quick through a yearly income of \$250 million in royalties from the U.S. oil company Aramco. The State Department says that the U.S. cannot tell Saudi Arabia what to do.

"We shall not agree about everything," Eden comfortably told a TV audience. "Free countries never do. Nor do free men, often enough. But I believe that out of that meeting can come, perhaps, a mes-

Holy War

"Egypt does not want a war." So says Egypt's Premier Abdel Nasser, leading statesman of the Arab world. But the supreme spiritual voice of all Islam in effect denies that protestation. From Cairo's 1,000-year-old Al Azhar University, the Committee of Senior Ulama* solemnly confirmed a jihad (holy war) against Israel.

The *fatwa* (ruling), a pronouncement having almost the same force for Moslems as a papal encyclical for Roman Catholics, decrees that for a Moslem to recognize the state of Israel would be to condone an act of robbery. "All heavenly religions



Mohamed Yousef

SUPREME SPIRITUAL COMMITTEE OF ISLAM

Said Mohammed: "Attack who attacked you in the same way."

paring the diplomatic briefs he will present in Washington. His agenda, and the points of conflict.

Soviet Infiltration. Communist incursion can be halted only if the Arabs resist it. But they cannot be made to recognize that Russia is their enemy because they are obsessed with their enmity for Israel. Therefore, everything depends on settlement of the Israel-Arab dispute.

Baghdad Pact. Eden will urge the U.S. to join. He hopes thus to bring the U.S. its power, its money and its prestige fully into the Middle East, and at Britain's side. The U.S. is for the pact, but in view of the Arabs' mixed reaction to it, doesn't believe the U.S. should get involved now.

Egypt. Britain has not abandoned hope for Nasser, despite his purchase of Soviet arms. Britain proposes to give him all the assistance he needs, both military and economic, but with a time limit of say six months. Then, the British argue, Nasser should feel reasonably secure, might be willing to join the Baghdad pact. More important, he might sit down at a negotiating table with Israel.

Buraimi Oasis. A small but prickly thorn, the ownership of this sun-scorched cluster of eight scrubby villages (with oil riches below), has resulted in border

sage of hope and guidance to the world."

If there was to be hope found, or guidance given, the U.S. and Britain would have to intervene forcefully in the Israel-Arab situation. To hear both impassioned sides tell it (see below), the Arabs and the Jews are preparing for, or at least resigned to, war. Part, but not all, of this noise is designed for outside effect, to establish bargaining positions. But the two sides are also so deeply committed emotionally that it will take great and firm statesmanship to create a peace. The big question is whether either Eden or Eisenhower is really prepared to stand firm and stay firm.

Any solution to the Arab-Israeli quarrel finally turns on getting agreed borders. The British propose a settlement based on the lines drawn by the 1947 U.N. partition plan, which among other things gave Galilee to the Arabs. But the Arab nations defied that settlement by going to war, lost the war, and lost Galilee.

What is needed is the Solomonic wisdom that will find the elusive line which is ideal for neither side but acceptable to both, and then the method to guarantee those borders by international compact. That would be the beginning of the essential basis of peace, namely, Arab acceptance of Israel's right to exist.

are unanimous in condemning robbery and stating that robbed objects should be returned to their rightful owners." Furthermore, Mohammed himself has said: "He who dies in defense of his property is a martyr; he who dies in defense of his honor is a martyr." When Mohammed and his followers were driven out of Mecca, the Ulama recalled, Allah ordered his Prophet: "Drive them from where they have driven you" and "Attack who attacked you in the same way." That, said the Ulama, is again the duty of all the faithful.

Moreover, Islamic states should not join those military alliances advocated by "imperialist powers trying hard to divide Moslems." Concluded the Ulama: any peace with Israel that includes recognition of its existence as a state in Palestine "is against faith." Moslems, "whatever their language, race or color should all cooperate to restore this land to its people . . . They should help fighters in the jihad with weapons and various resources."

* A body of scholars, trained in Islamic law and religion that has long been recognized as the highest Moslem authority in matters of faith.

ISRAEL

The Hard Life

War in the Middle East is "almost inevitable by the summer of this year," Israel's brilliant Ambassador to the U.S., Abba Eban, told a New York fund-raising meeting of U.S. Jews last week. This official Israeli line had an "unless" to it—unless the Western world employs "firm, deliberate and speedy action." The kind of action Israel meant was U.S. arms aid, plus a military alliance. It is "folly," cried New York's old Senator Herbert Lehman, for the U.S. not to stand up for Israel against the Arabs.

Feeling not at all sure that it could count on the West, Israel battered down its hatches for trouble. It wanted peace but feared to sound weak, and stuck to its martial air in the week when the U.N. Security Council unanimously condemned

equip army, navy and air force to enable them to repel the enemy or shall we raise our standard of living?" The answer came from the trade union's own newspaper *Davar*: "The nation must gird itself for a regime of austerity, self-denial and sacrifice."

EGYPT

Freedom, Yes & No

Fifty thousand Egyptians crowded under a vast, quilted tent in Cairo's Republic Square one evening last week to hear Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser proclaim his long-promised constitution. This was the moment when Egypt was to pass from military dictatorship to "republican and democratic government." To mark the switch, Nasser and his eight-man junta had resigned their army commissions. They took their places on the platform

those restricting freedom. One of the last clauses said that for now, only one party may exist—a National Union (Nasser's Liberation Rally under another name). Next June 23, the National Union is expected to offer as sole candidate for a six-year presidential term the man all Cairo newspapers now refer to as Mister Nasser.

There seems no reason to doubt that both Mister Nasser and his constitution suit Egyptians fine as of now. His coups in playing off both West and East have fed his country's hungry pride. The new constitution backs his latest bid for Arab-bloc leadership by proclaiming Egypt "an integral part of the Arab nation," which ethnically it is not. It also declares that "Islam is the religion of the State," but gives no say to the *Ulema* (see above) as to how the country shall be run.

The week's loudest complaint against the constitution rose from Egypt's leading feminist, Dr. Doria Shafik, who declared that it grants "women no right whatsoever" and is a betrayal of written promises wrung from the regime by her 1954 hunger strike.

EAST GERMANY

Run, Do Not Walk

To many a resident of Communist East Germany, the nicest thing about his country, compared to the other satellites, is the ease with which he can get out of it. Last year a total of 252,870 East Germans fled westward, among them 2,553 People's Policemen. So far this year, the escape traffic has been even higher: 18,828 in 1966's first 20 days. These are not East Germany's aged, tired and homeless; most are hard-working farmers and factory employees fleeing excessive work norms, or young men who want to escape the draft (the East German army was officially proclaimed last week). Among the latest batch seeking sanctuary in the West: three judges of the Communist courts; two professors, three senior government officials, the woman boss of a steel works.

WEST GERMANY

Raid on Reds

The secret meeting in a classroom of the Hattingen trade-union school might have been a military briefing, except that the men wore mufti and talked of such unarmy objectives as office keys, filing cabinets and street addresses. Intently they took instruction from an incognito young man, then hurried off in automotive cars to nine cities of West Germany's industrial Ruhr. At the stroke of 8 next morning, the nine men led small groups of assistants into nine regional offices and the headquarters of the big Northrhine-Westphalia Building Workers' Union, seized the offices and the files.

As union staff members appeared for work, most were told politely that that local was dissolved, and to "go home until you hear from us." But 15 of them, gape-mouthed with surprise, were handed dismissal notices. They were Communist



AMBASSADOR EBAN
Is war inevitable?



MISTER NASSER
Is poverty perpetual?

it for the fourth "flagrant violation" of the Palestine armistice in three years.

Though the tiny country is already spending most of its income for defense, the Israel Labor Party's "emergency committee" proposed a new defense levy of \$75 million—\$50 for every man, woman and child in Israel (and the average national income is only \$450 a year). Other recommendations: a ban on luxury imports, and conscription of persons between 35 and 45 to work in frontier settlements likely to face the first thrust of Arab attack.

Long lines of volunteers sprang up outside Tel Aviv and Jerusalem headquarters, and by week's end the first 500 volunteers left Jerusalem for Negev villages. When trade union federation bosses voted to demand a 5% wage rise, Premier David Ben-Gurion delivered a slashing attack on them for blindness to the need for sacrifices. "The question is," he said, "shall we

wearing civilian clothes. "The true revolution begins today," orated Nasser. "The whole people will constitute a supreme council for the revolution." "*Ascha Gamal!*" (Long live Gamal), chorused the crowd.

Down to the last page, Nasser's constitution resounded with promises of rights and freedom—the right to work, the right to pensions, freedom of press, speech, assembly, worship. Nasser and his experts had studied many constitutions, but above all the American—and the words rang resoundingly. But Nasser does not believe that Egypt is ready for such rights and freedom: he fears to turn the country back to "the old politicians" until his dedicated group has made more progress against Egypt's immemorial poverty, disease, corruption. So on the last page, Nasser's constitution has a dictatorial escape clause confirming as law all the military junta's previous decrees—including

Party workers who had infiltrated into positions of strength in one of West Germany's most important (408,000 members) unions.

The raiders from the union's national headquarters already had evidence of the Communists' subversive activities; they found much more in the files they seized. Papers showed how the dismissed Reds had been pressuring ex-Reds among union members to rejoin the party, had maintained illegal contacts with organizations in Russia and East Germany, were planning a Communist-sponsored building-workers' conference in the Ruhr, were using union funds to promote Red aims.

The blitz purge of the building-workers' locals was big news in West Germany last week, reflecting a new awareness of an infiltration that most West Germans had long thought themselves immune to. Though the Communists are almost powerless at the polls (they lost their 14 remaining Bundestag seats in the last national elections), they have deeply infiltrated West German industry.

The building workers' raiders found themselves cheered on all sides: by the government and the Socialist opposition, the unions and industrialists.

FRANCE

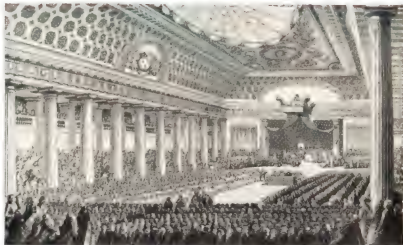
Little Pierre

A few tinkles of a silver bell called France's new National Assembly to order one day last week. But as the 600 men who would govern France fumbled to assemble a government, the center of interest was a man with a monkey wrench who wasn't there—Pierre Poujade, with his roughhouse protest movement, his 52 newly-elected Deputies and his 2,400,000 ballot-box followers.



Associated Press

FIRST THOUSAND volunteers of the new West Germany armed forces stand inspection by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 80, in freezing weather at Andernach training base. The men form six companies of air force, army, navy trainees.



Bettmann Archive

OPENING OF STATES-GENERAL IN 1789
It may be time for another.

Poujade's Deputies, no longer swaggering on the hustings, filed almost meekly into the strange surroundings of the Palais Bourbon. But the Poujadist symbol, an enameled red cock crowing, flared from every lapel. And the Poujadists quickly got involved in the Assembly's first dispute: an attempt to unseat four Poujadists on charges of electoral violations.

After being turned away from the Assembly proceedings for lack of a visitor's card, chunky young (35) Poujade blandly made his way into the Deputies' lounge, stepped up to the bar and ordered a glass of wine. At the other end of the bar, a knot of Socialists glowered at this invasion of a private precinct. One of them put down his glass and growled: "All right, Monsieur Poujade. Now, repeat that we are all rotten and bought up."

"Mais non," said Pierre Poujade, with a pained look, "we never said that."

"This isn't the circus," the Socialist said, pushing toward Poujade. "By what right are you here?"

Pierre Poujade downed his wine and quickly departed.

The One Idea. For the start at least. Rabble-Rouser Poujade had decided to work with more poise and less noise than marked his sudden metamorphosis from an obscure, small-town stationer who harked at his taxes into a magnetic force in French political life. Assembling his Deputies behind closed doors of a theater in Fontainebleau, Poujade reminded them of their pledge to follow his orders: "See, my boys. Now you listen to Little Pierre!" He decreed that all must hand over their Deputies' salaries (about \$600 a month) to his "national treasury." He strongly advised them to hire professionals to run their butcher shops, groceries, bakeries and other businesses back home, so they can devote full time to politics.

But by the time Poujade finished fast-talking through his "program," Frenchmen had no better idea than before what positive proposals Poujade and his raffish anti movement hold out to France. His ideas all came back to one, insistently reiterated—a revival of the old States-General.

The appealing simplicity of the idea is that the only thing nearly every Frenchman agrees on is that the present parliamentary system does not work, yet the only authority which can repair the Parliament is the Parliament itself, and it will not. Poujade's idea is to recreate the States-General, a medieval body made up of the clergy, the nobility and the bourgeoisie. It exerted intermittent influence on affairs until the 16th century, faded under the absolute monarchy of the Bourbons, came back to life for a brief but historic instant in 1789 to launch the French Revolution. The third and largest of the three estates became the forerunner of today's National Assembly, and then, in the meeting in the tennis court



BOMBAY RIOTERS & WOUNDED COMRADE
Down with Gandhi! Death to Nehru!

C. V. Gopal

at Versailles, defied King Louis XVI's attempt to disband it—and generated liberty, fraternity, equality, terror, Napoleon, two monarchical restorations and four republics.

Get Together & Talk. Poujade promises that at the opportune time, his Deputies will rise up and demand that the National Assembly convoke a modern States-General, with four "estates": shopkeepers and other tradesmen; farmers; employees; the academic class. As Poujade well knows, there is no legal machinery whereby the Assembly, the President or any other agency could endow such an assemblage with the power to legislate. So he would assemble a States-General on his own. He told his followers last week approximately this: "This is the way we proceed. Acting on our own, in every village and town, we will summon the 'estates'. Shopkeepers will meet separately and voice their complaints. Then they get together and talk."

First at the town level, then at departmental, and finally at big national meetings in Paris, as Poujade portrays it, the estates would record their complaints in new versions of the olden *cahiers de doléances* (list of grievances), and lay them before the Parliament with a demand to change the laws. The Parliament would not dare refuse, the Poujadists imply threateningly, because it might mean that the Parliament would have to be disposed of.

INDIA

Mobocracy

Ever since India won its independence from the British, Indians have spent much of their time plotting and battling to be free of other Indians. Each of the 14 major language groups demands a state of its own, and for two years a state commission has been earnestly redrawing

boundaries to oblige them. From the start, the biggest trouble was expected from the state of Bombay's 16 million Maharashtrians, who reluctantly share a state the size of California with 11 million Gujaratis. Last week trouble came.

The Maharashtrians were warriors and once ruled central India from coast to coast. They looked down on the Gujaratis, who by caste and occupation were shopkeepers. But the British conquered the warriors and encouraged the shopkeepers. The proud Maharashtrians became the laborers of India's West Coast; the Gujaratis gradually gained control of the business life of Bombay, the nation's wealthiest, most modern and second-biggest city. The Maharashtrians, who outnumber the Gujaratis in the city two to one, work for them and dislike them.

The Gujaratis were willing to accept a bilingual state. Not the Maharashtrians. They demanded their own state, with the city of Bombay as its capital. Last week Nehru proposed a compromise: the state of Bombay would be divided to give each language group a state of its own; the city of Bombay would become a separate, bilingual area administered by the federal government in New Delhi.

Smash, Burn, Kill. It was a moment the Communists had been preparing for, a fact well known to Chief Minister Morarji Desai of Bombay State, who is often spoken of as Nehru's heir apparent. Before dawn, on Desai's orders, police arrested 435 Communist, Socialist and United Maharashtra Party leaders. The Communists had prepared for this eventuality, too. Secretly trained alternates swiftly swung into action. At their direction, hundreds of thousands of Maharashtrian workers dropped their work and swarmed out of dockyards, textile mills and railroad shops into the streets, shouting "Death to Nehru!" The rioters blocked streets with boulders and gasoline

drums, tore up lampposts, ripped down fences. They smashed statues of Mahatma Gandhi (a Gujarati himself), burned Desai in effigy, flourished pictures of Nehru hung with old shoes as a gesture of despoliation. Mobs, sometimes 10,000 strong, stormed police stations, looted Gujarati shops, flung electric light bulbs filled with nitric acid in the faces of police and passers-by. Saboteurs derailed trains, hurled stones at buses, set fire to cars.

Waving black flags of protest and flourishing improvised spears, mobs roamed Bombay's streets.* One grey-bearded Gujarati shopkeeper hastily tried to bar his shop door. He was too late. One rioter knocked the old man down, beat his head in with a large rock. The shopkeeper's little daughter ran screaming to her father's side. The rioter smashed the rock into the child's face, and she collapsed in a small heap over her father's body.

On major corners, embattled police drew up their trucks in a tight circle, like so many covered wagons in a western movie, and fought pitched battles with stone-throwing rioters. From the circle's protection, they launched quick sorties into nearby alleys and houses, scooped up scores of rioters, and retreated with their prisoners to the corrals.

At the end of six days' rioting, 56 were dead by official admission; unofficial estimates were nearer 250. Thousands were injured, other thousands in prison.

Calcutta, Too. In his house above the city, Chief Minister Desai sadly looked over burning Bombay. Desai, who is a Gujarati, had warned Nehru against dividing India by lingual groups. "Maharashtrians have made a mockery of India's preaching to the world to be nonviolent," he mourned. "If the government yields to Maharashtrian violence, democracy in India becomes mobocracy, and India will be cut to pieces."

Nothing could please the Communists more, and at week's end they were pressing their advantage. They paralyzed Calcutta with a strike of 2,000,000 workers to demand a bigger chunk of Bihar State for West Bengal. Across India, Sikhs rioted in Amritsar, and a Sikh leader told a cheering audience: "If Sikh demands are not met, the Bombay drama may be repeated in the Punjab."

At week's end, Prime Minister Nehru, defending the necessity for firing into the Bombay crowds, made an emotional appeal to Congress leaders, moving many to tears. Cried Nehru: "Who lives if India dies, and who dies if India lives?"

Advice of a Mutual Friend

Sirdar Jagjit ("J.J.") Singh, a successful Manhattan importer, a U.S. resident for 30 years, and head of the India League, has long been India's No. 1 self-appointed lobbyist in the U.S. In New Delhi last week, on his way home after a

* TIME Correspondent Alexander Campbell was caught in the riots, cabled: "One prancing rioter screamed defiance and, hurling stones at the police, dropped riddled at my feet, spouting blood, which spattered my shoes."

two months' visit to India and India's leaders (including Nehru), Singh spoke up in the sorrowful tones of a mutual friend. India, he declared, should refuse to accept any more U.S. aid.

"The fact that India receives U.S. aid," said Singh, "creates certain expectancies in the U.S. which India is rightly not willing to meet. That in turn creates disappointment and bitterness in the U.S., thus worsening Indo-American relations . . . The fact is, U.S. taxpayers are sick and tired of shelling out their money to foreign countries and particularly to countries which are not in their corner. And India is not in their corner."

Added Singh: "I am equally against receiving aid from Communist countries." He was not opposed to U.S. firms selling machinery or industrial plants to India on "mutually suitable credit basis," or to U.S. capital investing in India "on our own terms"; he just did not want any more U.S. Government money. "Not only will most Americans welcome such a move, but it will increase our national prestige. Instead of being treated as 'ungrateful beggars,' we will be treated with more dignity and respect."

NIGERIA

Ready for the Queen

"A couple more royal visits and this town might look like something," growled a Scotsman in teeming, steaming Lagos last week. Never had the capital of Britain's biggest (373,250 sq. mi.) and most populous (32 million) African dependency undergone such a face-scrubbing as that which was preparing it for the arrival this week of Queen Elizabeth II.

Roads were being widened and resurfaced, ancient potholes filled up. Grey top hats were on sale for the first time in a Lagos department store. In a city nightclub, a hot combo was rocking to the beat of a new boogie tune: *Elizabeth R., Eight to the Bar*, and at a local parking lot, a small, bald man, freshly arrived from London, was busily tuning up a gleaming Rolls-Royce, to put it in prime form for the Queen's ceremonial drive. Altogether, nearly \$3,000,000 was being spent for Nigeria's first visit by reigning British royalty. Oddly enough, the avidly nationalistic Nigerians seemed happy enough to spend it.

All-Black Nation. Cursed beyond most corners of Elizabeth's empire with a hellish climate and a poverty that festers through vast acres of its capital city in some of the world's most squalid slums, Nigeria is nevertheless an optimistic and happy land. An all-black nation whose non-African residents number only 16,000, it has no notion of the meaning of *apartheid* or Jim Crow. Eager for and already well on its way to self-government, Nigeria bears no grudges. "Why should we be anti-British?" Nigerians are likely to answer if queried. "We're more or less British ourselves."

Under the gradually slackening reins of colonial dominion, Nigeria has achieved

a high degree of national prosperity. In 1954 its favorable trade balance of exports (cocoa, palm oil, peanuts) over imports reached a record \$100 million. Even among the slums and squalor of beggar-strewn Lagos there are startling evidences of a middle-class prosperity: neat two-story homes in Ikoyi suburb, equipped with every modern convenience; a ramshackle bar in Shopopo Street doing a hot-cakes business in the best imported beer at 35¢ a bottle. A block from Ibadan's new University College, Nigerian necromancers sell dried mice, parrot beaks, snake fangs and yellow and blue face powders. On Sundays and pleasant evenings in Lagos, the folk who dress by day in rags emerge, as if by magic, in natty slacks and clean, yellow-nylon sport shirts for an evening at the movies. And amid Nigeria's poverty, there are reportedly

Nigeria's most magnetic leader, Dr. Nnamdi ("Zik") Aikiki, is all for self-government, ready or not. Zik, who is Prime Minister of the East, is a glib but adroit politician, U.S.-educated,* who is now urging—after a visit to the U.S.—skyscrapers like he saw in New York and a TV station, though Nigeria has no TV sets. To get independence for the East, Zik would gladly split the country and let the North fend for itself.

"It would be sad," said London's *Economist*, "if the Queen were only to see 'Nigeria' just before its disappearance." Last week, as Elizabeth, Prince Philip and 13 well-drilled aides, secretaries, equeuries and ladies-in-waiting made last-minute preparations for the 20-day royal visit, it was obvious that Britain's Queen planned to give her fledgling dependency a regal show. The Queen and her ladies were taking along their most magnificent gowns and richest jewels. The Duke and other male members of the party were packing their most impressively beribboned uniforms. London's blatant tabloid *Daily Mirror* offered a further suggestion: "Let the Queen wear her crown as well. If the Imperial State Crown cannot be taken out of Britain, surely a spare crown can be found to pack in the Queen's luggage. The royal visit to Nigeria need lose none of its friendliness by displaying the pageantry that still surrounds a Queen . . . Nigerians are accustomed to it in their own rulers."

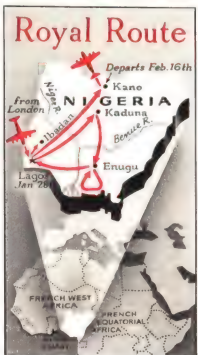
GIBRALTAR

Where's Winston?

In war-torn 1943, Winston Churchill sent a top-secret, high-priority order winging to one of his subordinates. It concerned a dwindling garrison at Gibraltar. Legend has long held that when the last of the famed Barbary apes leave Gibraltar, the British will soon follow. With the pack reduced to seven, Churchill was taking no chances. A troop transport was dispatched to North Africa to get more apes.

The ape pack now numbers 40, but one among them, an amiable grey-coated fellow named Winston, was easily the most popular ape on the Rock. In 1954, when Britain's Queen visited her Mediterranean stronghold, proud Winston was granted an official audience with Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Winston, mannerly and conscientious, was never late to meals. So when he failed to answer mess call one day last month, a search party was organized to comb the rugged heights of the Rock. They searched every crevice and called the ape loudly by name. No answer. Last week Gibraltar officialdom issued a sad bulletin: "Rock ape Winston has been missing since ninth December and must now be presumed dead. He is, accordingly, struck off the strength of the fortress from that date."



Time Map by J. Donovan

more African millionaires than in all the rest of the continent.

Divided Into Three. So far, Britain's efforts to set Nigeria free have been hampered largely by the Nigerians themselves. Known to its intimates as *Sweetpot-by-the-Sea*, Lagos today is the capital of a loose federation of three largely autonomous regions: the rural Christian and pagan Eastern Nigeria of the Ibo tribesmen; the Christian and pagan West of the Yoruba, rich with cocoa profits; and the Moslem North of the Hausa and Fulani, where powerful emirs struggle to protect the traditions of a feudal past. Each section hates and distrusts the others. Her Majesty's government has offered Nigeria various plans for independence, but, says one native minister: "We are not ready."

* At Harvard University, Lincoln and the University of Pennsylvania.

CAMBODIA

Monique Meets the King

Ambition, for most of the Eurasian girls at Cambodia's Descartes Seminary, consisted mainly of the wish one day to marry a French white-collar worker, a clerk, for instance, at the *Banque de l'Indochine*. But slim, delicate, bronzed Monique Izzi, daughter of a half-French, half-Italian father and a Cambodian mother, had quite another idea. Better, she thought, a real prince, even a Cambodian one with concubines, than a mere wage-earning European. A fragile and lovely center of interest in a bikini bathing suit by the pool at *Le Cercle Sportif*, Monique gave the cold shoulder to all European suitors and bided her time.

One day in 1951, as the handsome young King of Cambodia himself sat rapt in the audience, 16-year-old Monique carried away all honors in a beauty contest sponsored by UNESCO. For his young (29) majesty, Samdach Preah Upayavareach Norodom Sihanouk, it was a plain case of love at first sight, despite the fact that he was already bulwarked against loneliness by four concubines and ten children. He promptly invited Monique for a spin in his cream-colored Lancia and composed a song for her. Monique responded by quitting school, to the scandalized horror of the French set. As far as they were concerned, Monique had become just another concubine. They gaped twice again when Monique had two babies by the King, then forgot all about her.

In time, Sihanouk resigned his kingship and became his country's militantly nationalistic Premier. To dignify the changeover, early last April he married his young Princess Taveth Norleach. Monique seemed definitely out in the cold—but there is no law in Cambodia limiting the number of wives or concubines a prince may take. When Sihanouk left for a holiday on the Riviera a fortnight ago, Monique was his companion, and her passport was made out to Madame Norodom Sihanouk. Last week the Cambodian government revealed that Sihanouk had made Monique Izzi his wife No. 2 less than a week after marrying the princess.

His major concession to both ladies: he has dropped his concubines.

GREECE

The Hungry Ones

"I have saved Greece," said tall, gaunt George Papandreou one day in 1944. There was pride in his voice, for his temporary Liberation government and British forces had just put down Communist rebellion in the streets of Athens.

"I haven't got time to wait," said a gaunter, older (72) George Papandreou one day last week. There was apology in his voice, for in his sweat to be Prime Minister he had just joined forces with Greek Communists.

Less than a month remains before the elections. Papandreou and partners are out to unseat Premier Constantine Kara-

manlis, young, vigorous, stoutly anti-Communist, pro-American.

Good King's Choice. Karamanlis was just a junior minister (public works) when good King Paul⁹ picked him to succeed Field Marshal Papagos when the old hero died 16 weeks ago in the midst of troubles. Karamanlis took over with surprising effectiveness. With the old marshal's death, Papagos' big Rally party (holding 200 of the 300 seats in the Parliament) threatened to break up, but Karamanlis managed to piece together the remnants. With any kind of good break before election day, such as a concession from Britain in the Cyprus dispute, Karamanlis stands a good chance.

Still, Athens' old political pros, long frustrated by the old marshal's dominance, smelled opportunity. And, as an Athenian explained, "*Eine pinasmeni*



KING PAUL & KARAMANLIS
Old pros smelled opportunity.

[They are hungry]. They were so hungry that they were willing to sup with the devil.

Ever since the civil war days of 1947, the Communist Party has been outlawed in Greece, but everyone acknowledges the E.D.A. party to be its chosen instrument. Not only did Papandreou make common cause with E.D.A., but so did others who also should know better. Among them: the mayor of Volos, Greece's fifth largest city, a millionaire freshly returned from a starry-eyed visit to the Soviet Union; Sophocles Venizelos, bridge-playing politician son of a statesman, and leader of a current neutralist campaign.

⁹ Handsome, strapping (6 ft., 3 in.) King Paul, 54, inherited the battered Greek crown from his late brother George II in 1947 when Greece was bleeding from the civil war, and with his vivacious Queen Frederika, toured the country by train and muleback to restore confidence in the throne. He reigns with a minimum of pomp and with a warm public following.

Ambassador's Victory. The deal was cooked up and served to the startled public last week. This six-party coalition, apologized old George Papandreou, was "purely pre-electoral," and the non-Communists made no "ideological commitments" to the Communists. But in the streets, cafés and foreign embassies, it was received quite plainly as a victory for the Communists. It was a great coup for Russian Ambassador Mikhail Sergeev: for 2½ years he has been backslapping through the Grecian hinterlands, working to efface the bitter anti-Communism of civil-war days.

Said a disillusioned young army captain after digesting the news: "We kept the Communists out with our guns and our blood. Now Papandreou wants to let them back in through the ballot box."

CHINA

Broken Silence

In Geneva last week Chinese Reds were negotiating with the U.S. broke five months of mutually agreed silence to complain that U.S. insistence on a Communist renunciation of force over Formosa is stymieing any hope of settlement. From Hong Kong, *TIME* Senior Editor John Osborne called his evaluation.

"The Communist military position is very different today from what it was in 1954. Then all authorities out here judged that the Reds were nowhere near capable of serious attack on Formosa or any part of the island complex. Now Communists have or very soon will have facilities, principally air bases and port establishments, from which they could mount a considerable attack. Their overall internal position and expressed attitude continue to suggest that they intend no such attack and would go to any conceivable length to avoid entanglement with the U.S. at this crucial point in their 'socialist transformation' of China itself.

"But a limited demonstration on the order of their seizure of Yikiang off the Tachens in January 1953 is possible—even probable. Logical place for it would be a small island group known colloquially as the 'White Dogs' eleven miles south-east of the Matsus. They are hardly worth expensive defense. Yet their fall would imperil the Matsus, and if accompanied by passive U.S. acquiescence, would severely shake our Formosa position.

"The Communists have hinted repeatedly that if they fail to get what they want by negotiation and political pressure, they could always stoke up U.S. and allied fears of war with some show of force." [As if on cue, the Reds unleashed a 3,000-shell, one-day bombardment of Quemoy, the heaviest barrage in 16 months.]

"Many recent statements indicate that the Communists are more determined than ever to acquire Formosa and liquidate its Nationalist government. One means to this end is the Chou-Dulles conference which they seek and which they believe that we, under certain circumstances, would be willing to grant them."

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THE AMERICAS

Thin Red Line

Disarm your enemy in peacetime by diplomacy and trade . . .

—Lenin

To newsmen gathered in Moscow's foreign ministry last week, a spokesman read a propaganda pronouncement for Latin American consumption. It was slightly disguised as Premier Nikolai Bulganin's answers to questions submitted by *Vision*, a Spanish-language fortnightly edited in Manhattan. *Vision* tossed up nice, soft pitches, and Bulganin, or whoever the latter really was, swung for the fences:

On Diplomacy. "Naturally, the Soviet Union is ready to establish diplomatic relations . . . One can hope that in the future our relations with the countries of Latin America will develop to the mutual advantage of the parties."

On Trade. "The Soviet Union stands for the development of trade with Latin America . . . In particular, the Soviet Union could export . . . different kinds of industrial equipment and machinery."

Latin American reaction ranged from chilly skepticism to outright rebuff. Snorted Cuba's U.N. delegate: "What the Russians want is to place spies and agitators in Latin America." Snapped Santiago's *El Mercurio*: "The U.S.S.R. is making a false offer in an attempt to extend its tyranny." In Rome, Traveler Juscelino Kubitschek spoke as the President-elect of Latin America's biggest nation: "We know from past experience that the Russians never give anything without trying to take at least twice as much in return."

Both the Soviet sweet talk and the Latino sour pointed up the fact that Communist influence in Latin America has waned during the past decade. The only pro-Communist government in postwar Latin America, the Arbenz regime in Guatemala, collapsed in 1954. Communist parties are now illegal in 15 out of 20 Latin American republics. Only three south-of-the-border countries (Mexico, Argentina, Uruguay) maintain diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Communist-bloc trade with Latin America, though expanding, amounted in 1955 to less than 5% of U.S.-Latin American trade, and Red performance on promises was ragged (*TIME*, Oct. 17).

In Latin America, as in the Near East and South Asia, the Soviet Union last year stepped up its efforts at economic, diplomatic and cultural penetration. To counter the Reds, the U.S. Government has fattened the Information Service budget for Latin America and broadened the lending program of the Export-Import Bank. But the most important barrier to Red penetration is the Latin Americans' own common-sense awareness of Communist aims and methods. From a Communist viewpoint, last week's reaction to Moscow's "mutual advantage" line was hardly encouraging.

ARGENTINA

"Blood Will Flow"

Juan Perón last week announced forthrightly that he plans a big and bloody comeback in Argentina. "My agents are everywhere, and they are preparing for the day," said he. "It may come any time. There will be a violent uprising. Blood will flow in the streets of Argentina. Perhaps as many as a million will be killed."

Perón blamed himself for "one great mistake before: I avoided bloodshed when I was in power, and treated my opponents lightly." His promise: "I shall not make the same mistake again. Many heads will

Write Interviewer Newman: "His enemies would regard this as a description of what happened to Perón."

Seeing Nelly Home. In Buenos Aires, the newspaper *Crítica* dismissed Perón's threats with a question: "Hasn't Panama measured him for a straitjacket yet?" President Pedro Aramburu and his advisers seemed to sense that madman talk by Perón, who is still revered by millions of diehard Peronistas, provided a tailor-made chance to draw a contrast between the erratic ex-dictator and the sober new regime. The government made three moves that sharpened the impression.

¶ To undercut Perón's pretensions to right-



Rolph K. Skinner

AUTHOR PERÓN IN COLÓN DRUGSTORE
Tentative title: *The Beast Who Had Might*

roll when I return to Buenos Aires. It will be terrible, but it can't be helped."

Discredited & Hated? By way of a warning to them, Perón listed his enemies for Joseph Newman, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent who touched off the exile's comeback threat by dropping in for an interview at the former dictator's modest suite in the U.S.-owned Hotel Washington in Colón, Panama. The marked men: Argentine navy and air force officers; such big industrialists as the Bembergs (beer) and Raúl Lamuraglia (textiles); *La Prensa* Publisher Alberto Gáinzza Paz and that paper's longtime news service, the United Press; the rulers of Uruguay, where Perón's exiles plotted; and the Roman Catholic clergy.

Perón's church opponents seemed particularly to rankle him still. He released for quotation a passage from his unpublished book, *Might Is the Right of Beasts*, saying that his late wife Eva "performed more Christian works in one day than all the priests of my country in their entire lives." As for Argentina's new military rulers, Perón scorned them as "men incapable of governing because their custom is to command . . . They end in chaos and . . . fall later, discredited and hated."

eousness, an official investigating committee reported that during his twelve years in power, Peronista Congressmen raised their combined personal assets from 6,670,000 pesos to a fat 206,000,000 pesos—among the biggest gainers being the pair who offered the greatest number of congressional resolutions of homage to Perón. ¶ Aramburu made a nationwide radio speech that opened the door for disgusted Peronistas to throw in with the new regime: "Many pinned their hopes to [Peronista] banners full of vain promises. They did not make a mistake; they were led into it. The guilty were not the simple folk, but those who raised the fraudulent banners."

¶ The government let reporters talk to Vittorio Felice Radeglia, who served as Perón's secretary in Panama in November, but recently turned up mysteriously as the Aramburu government's prisoner. Apparently confident and at ease despite official aspics, Radeglia told reporters he thought Perón was suffering from a "nervous imbalance." He confirmed that Perón wanted to bring to Panama Nelly Rivas, his 16-year-old mistress during his last days as President (*TIME*, Oct. 10), who was turned back a fortnight ago as she

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tried to leave Argentina via Paraguay. Picturing himself as thoroughly disillusioned, Radezla said that he, too, was writing a book, a biography of Perón. The tentative title: *The Beast Who Had Might*.

GUATEMALA

Counter-Order

President Carlos Castillo Armas clashed last week with the politically powerful law students of the National University, who threatened to strike unless the President permitted the return of eight politicians banished to neighboring countries for "plotting." Though they held no brief for the exiles, the students burned with righteous anger against the penalty of deportation, which is in such bad repute that Guatemala's forthcoming constitution specifically forbids it. Castillo Armas talked it over with student leaders, sensibly decided not to create martyrs needlessly, ordered Guatemalan consulates to give the deportees re-entry visas.

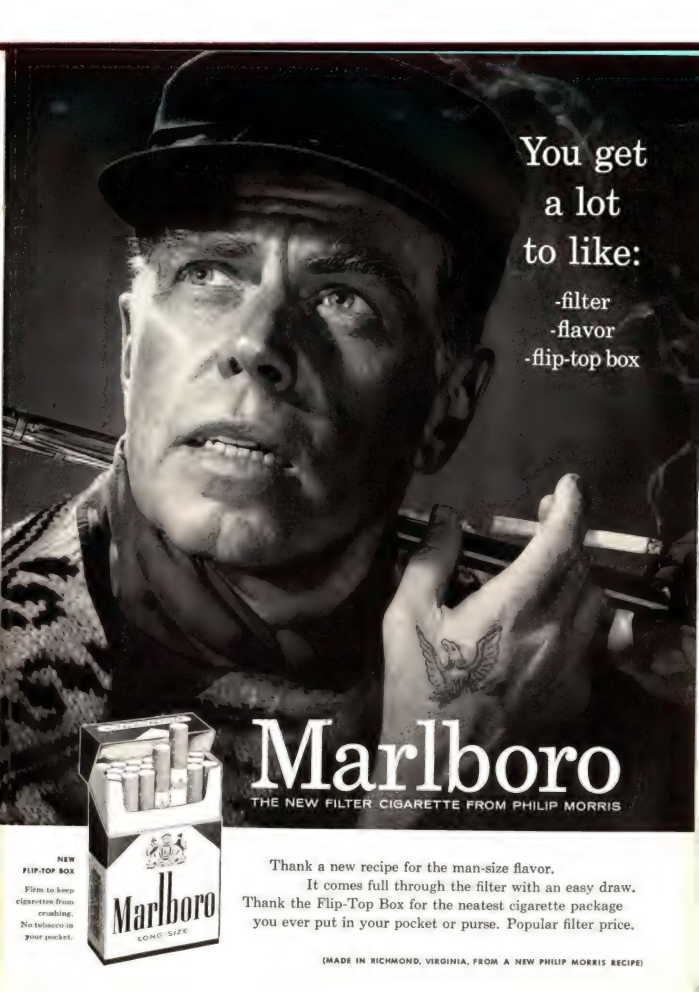
BOLIVIA

Left Turn

In the gloomy halls of La Paz's Foreign Ministry, crammed with ornate furnishings of so many periods that it calls to mind an auction house, a hundred men and women gathered one morning last week to shake hands with Foreign Minister Walter Guevara. After almost four years of energetic service, Guevara, a longtime sociology professor and an outspoken friend of the U.S., was being forced out. Even more worrisome was the cause of Guevara's fall: a plain left swerve by Bolivia's ruling party, the National Revolutionary Movement (M.N.R.).

The grab-bag M.N.R., called Fascist until it seized power in a revolt in 1952, has two main factions: 1) moderate leftists, 2) Trotskyite doctrinaires. The Trotskyites, led by Juan Lechin, were kept in line by President Victor Paz Estenssoro and Foreign Minister Guevara, both moderates. Two weeks ago the M.N.R., in convention, chose another moderate. Vice President Hernán Siles Zúñiga, as the party's candidate for the forthcoming presidential elections. Then, as the convention went on, Guevara and Lechin began trading verbal blows from the floor.

Guevara confessed himself a "partisan of free enterprise within the limits imposed by the nation's realities." Lechin answered with the ultimate insult: "Bourgeois!" Guevara then charged that Lechin, through a revolutionary manifesto, had touched off the May 1949 attempt to seize the tin mines that ended with old-regime troops shooting down many miners. But it is an M.N.R. article of faith that the mines' tin-baron owners and the government they dominated provoked the massacre. Moving to the kill, Lechin got up a convention resolution denouncing Guevara for "inexact and tendentious statements." Siles, who could lose the next election without Lechin's support, signed it; so did Paz Estenssoro. Guevara had no choice but to resign.



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GENERAL GRUENTHER & FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY AS AMATEUR CONDUCTORS
A chop and a stab, but the band played on.

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At SHAPE's annual dining-in affair in Paris, glittering with NATO's top brass, slightly offbeat but recognizable supper music rose from the Royal Canadian Signal Corps band under the batons of amateur conductors, choppy General **Alfred M. Gruenther**, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, and his first deputy, stabby Field Marshal **Viscount Montgomery** of Alamein.

Rolling into Cleveland to shake a baton at the local symphony orchestra this week, Britain's spleeny maestro, **Sir Thomas Beecham**, 76, chomped a 60¢ cigar and gleefully spat in his host city's eye. Asked how he liked Composer Frederick Delius' *Brice Fair*, a featured dish on Beecham's symphonic menu, Sir Thomas said: "It's a very bad piece of music. They'll like it in Cleveland."

Benito Mussolini used to spend odd hours sawing on a fiddle and lamenting the dictator's fate that kept him from becoming "a great concert violinist." This week one of the hottest jazz pianists in a land of few jazz piano players, a musician billed as **Romano Full**, will make his public debut with a quintet at San Remo's International Jazz Festival. His full name: **Romano Mussolini**, 28, *Il Duce's* youngest son. Unlike his father, who could read music, Romano is musically illiterate but plays by ear better than *Il Duce* did by note. Romano's chief accomplishment to date: a groovy recording with other Roman hepcats of *Somebody Loves Me*.

At the Vatican, Germany's go-getting Automaker **Heinz Nordhoff** (TIME, Feb. 18, 1954) had a private audience with **Pope Pius XII**, a friend of Nordhoff's ever since the Pope was a papal nuncio in Berlin. Good Catholic Nordhoff presented His Holiness with a flashy new Volks-

wagen station wagon with a red body and black suntop.

An athletic contest of an undecided nature was being whipped up between Iowa's crew-cut Republican Governor **Leo Hoegh** (pronounced *Hoe-igg*), a onetime (1928-29) swimming star at Iowa State University, and Michigan's lanky Democratic Governor **G. Mennen** ("Soapy") **Williams**, onetime (1930-33) varsity crewman at Princeton. After Hoegh addressed a savants' meeting at Iowa State, a professor congratulated Hoegh on Iowa State's recent victory (48-45) over the University of Michigan's swimming team.



POPE PIUS XII & AUTOMAKER NORDHOFF
A flashy gift in red and black.

then suggested that Hoegh take on Soapy Williams in a personal swimming match: a benefit affair to raise money for the Polio Foundation. Trim as he was in college, Governor Hoegh rose to the challenge, proposed a race of from 40 to 100 yards. Michigan's ex-Oarsman Williams was spoiling for a battle—with reservations. "The contest should be in the nature of a decathlon, to include swimming, rowing, wrestling with the legislature, executive-desk pounding and so on."

In Chicago, where a morbid sort of civic pride has long led the locals to toast their city as the Russians' favorite target, General **Curtis LeMay**, top grim realist of the Strategic Air Command, spoke to some 1,100 businessmen, left them with the frightening afterthought that maybe they are really right about Chicago's vulnerability. Explaining how SAC works, LeMay began raising goose pimples: "We have in the past used Chicago as a practice target. With this Lake Michigan front, it makes an extremely clear radar return." Then Airman LeMay tossed his bombshell: SAC recently quit using Chicago as a make-believe bull's eye. Reason: "It's too easy to hit!"

Friends of R.A.F. Group Captain **Peter Townsend**, still exiled as air attaché in Brussels, disclosed that the embers of Townsend's romance with **Princess Margaret** still glow. They say that Margaret and Peter correspond every week, sometimes oftener, and that Townsend, a study in forlorn devotion, dotes on the prospect of seeing the princess again. Meanwhile, the word from Paris was that Gentleman Jockey Townsend may soon leave his diplomatic post, go to work as a horse trainer for a wealthy pal, Sportsman Robert T. McLane, whose 35 thoroughbreds are stabled in a Parisian suburb.

At a Chicago cocktail party, **Perle Mesta** espied the guest of honor, France's



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A packaging decision
can change the course
of a business

handsome young (30) **Prince Napoléon Murat**, soon to supplant Monaco's betrothed **Prince Rainier** as one of Europe's most eligible royal bachelors. Sensing opportunity, the former Minister to Luxembourg zeroed in on the prince, asked him point-blank: "Would you like to marry an American?" Mumbled Napoléon shyly: "Maybe." Perle instantly nominated for Napoléon (a great-great-grand-nephew of Napoléon I) pert **Virginia Warren**, 27, eldest and only spinster of the Chief Justice's three daughters. Said Perle: "Leave it to me!" Next day she said she was just fooling, but she also allowed that she is brewing a big party to which she will invite Prince Napoléon—and, of course, Virginia, along with "other eligible girls and men."

Back in his home state of North Carolina to speak on foreign policy, TV Newsman **Edward R. Murrow** was buttonholed in Charlotte by a reporter: When and why had Murrow changed his name from Egbert to Edward? Caught squarely, ex-Logger Murrow grinned and replied: "I did that when I was 13 or 14 years old and firing a donkey engine in timber territory. I thought Egbert was hardly the name for the job."

Harvard's crusty Historian **Samuel Eliot Morison** observed that academic freedom seems much more secure in Britain than in the U.S. His reasoning: "British universities have deserved academic freedom and many universities in the United States have not. Some American universities are little better than educational assembly lines, where ill-trained boys and girls spend four years playing at education . . . Why, some state universities even have courses in cooking, baby sitting, and repairing motor cars. What can professors of those institutions want, or even know, of academic freedom?"

Thomas J. ("THINK!") Watson Sr., 81, founding father of International Business Machines, reminisced puckishly over lunch to granite-faced TV Impresario Ed Sullivan. Said Watson: "To startle people, I tell them I was born in Painted Post. Actually, I was born in the next village, Campbell, N.Y.—but Painted Post conjures up images of redskins wardancing, so people regard me with greater respect." Then, taking his tongue out of his cheek, Industrialist Watson explained why he was only nibbling at his roast beef: "Breakfast is my big meal. My mother always told us you had to start the day right, with plenty of warm food in your stomach." Hailing Dwight D. Eisenhower as the greatest President since Abraham Lincoln, Watson told Sullivan that the U.S. is in better shape than in Watson's boyhood. Snorting at reports of growing crime and juvenile delinquency, Thomas Watson summed up some bright spots in a survey of U.S. life made for his own enlightenment: "More churches are being built now, every day, than ever before. Education is on the increase. Those are the important things."

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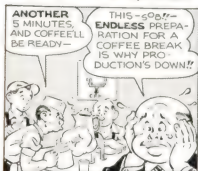
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Old Plays in Manhattan

Fallen Angels (by Noel Coward) is 30 years old, and was far from robust when young. Fortunately, it has been given no orthodox revival: Noel Coward's limp play has been turned into Nancy Walker's gorgeous plaything. Actress Walker (*On the Town*, *Phoenix '55*) has become one of the theater's most wildly and continuously funny clowns, capable of rowdy hauteurs and of a stare that could blight fruit. To Coward's drawingroom yarn of two bored young wives who jointly, jealously, at length drunkenly await the arrival of a Frenchman they both sinned with years before, she brings nothing so conventional as a fresh approach, but rather a superbly irrelevant new dimension.

Early on, and while still sober, she can richly crunch even Coward's soggy lines tangle with an all-too-cultured maid, or just move or stand still with feral lady-likeness. But not till a few corks have popped does she attain full stature. She is never so grand as when lurching nor so gymnastic as when trapped in telephone cord. She employs her cigarette holder like a wind instrument, makes her gold scarf as vital to the production as several of the actors. She strikes attitudes so embattled that they seem to strike back, and she can dispose herself on a sofa to resemble the whole Laocöon group.

Along with feeding Actress Walker her lines, Margaret Phillips plays the other wife in the frillier style of high comedy. But Actress Walker contrives higher comedy: no mere grande dame, she is someone who could make a grande dame cower.

Tamburlaine the Great (by Christopher Marlowe) reached Broadway 308 years after it was written. Really two plays without ever achieving the proper sense of a play at all. *Tamburlaine* has been understandably enough passed by. But, as dynamically staged by Tyrone Guthrie, it richly justifies a for-the-nonce revival. For if a failure, this vast creation of the 23-year-old Marlowe is yet a work of poetic genius; if undramatic, it can be stunningly theatrical; if monotonous, its monotony is a many-splendored thing. The "high, astounding terms" with which 14th century Tamburlaine assailed the world are equally those with which Marlowe assaulted the theater.

The saga of the Scythian shepherd who vaultingly subdued half of Asia and Africa is too brutally simple for true drama. With its host of bloody conquests and dearth of inner conflict, with its por-

© Born the same year as Shakespeare (1564), Marlowe managed, in a short life, to write some fine lyric poetry ("Come live with me and be my love"), a long narrative poem (*Hero and Leander*), and four superb poetic dramas: *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward II*. A militant atheist, in flight from arrest, he was killed at 26 during a drunken brawl in a riverside tavern near London, probably a political victim of Queen Elizabeth's Secret Service.



NANCY WALKER
Superiorly irrelevant.

trayal of one who toppled realms like tenpins, it scarcely provides even variations on a single theme. As Tamburlaine sweeps on, nothing interrupts his conquests and cruelties but his Marlovian sense of physical beauty and his feeling for Zenocrate, the captive princess whom he loved and lost:

*Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate;
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps*



ANTHONY QUAYLE
Monstrously magnificent.



“Competition gives us better values

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Inquiring Reporter: What do you folks think of the proposals in Congress that would give *regulated* forms of transportation more freedom to price their services in competition with each other — and with unregulated trucks and barges, too?

Husband: Well, we've just bought a new TV set at a very good price — with every store in town competing to give us the best value. Competition *always* gives us more for our money.

Wife: Isn't there competitive pricing in transportation, too?

Inquiring Reporter: Not always. Present government regulations frequently require regulated carriers, such as all railroads and some trucks, to make freight rates higher than would otherwise be necessary — just to protect competing forms of transportation.

Husband: I read about that. Didn't a Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommend a change?

Inquiring Reporter: Yes. The Committee says that if each form of transportation were given the right to make

rates related to its own costs and needs, everybody would benefit — including consumers like yourselves.

Wife: I should think so. After all, freight charges are part of the cost of everything we buy.

Husband: Like our new TV set, for example. Yes indeed, you can say we favor competitive freight rates!

For full information on this vital subject, write for booklet, “Why Not Let Competition Work?”

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*That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate.*

Nor does the play's second half bring any tragic reversal. *Hubris*, to the last, goes unpunished: only Death defeats the conqueror, and it by thrombosis, not spears or thunderbolts. Before that, the insatiable barbarian whose only principle is "the argument of arms" has created a pageant of carnage and torture. Caged royal captives bash out their brains; men hanged in chains are pierced by arrows; conquered kings must draw their conqueror's car.

*Heh! ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What can ye draw but twenty milv-a-days,
And hute so proud a chariot at yon heels,
And such a coachman as erect Tam-burlaine!*

Tamburlaine stabs his own weakling son to death, burns the Koran to defy Mohammed, would pierce the very breast of God himself.

That, if I perish, heaven and earth may fade.

All this is not only of peculiar fascination to an age that has witnessed the revival of atrocity. Such conduct is what—in the absence of Shakespearean remorse or classical retribution—psychologically weights the play's later episodes. Tamburlaine is one who, having achieved enormous power, but must almost manically assert it: his is no self-preserving ruthlessness or vengeful rancor, but an ego-driven, gratuitous cruelty.

Creatively, Marlowe matches his hero's immoderacies: he shows a like hunger and fever, a commensurate strut and rant. But, as mounted by Director Guthrie, the play has its genuine glories, with scene after scene resembling a kind of richly lighted Delacroix canvas. And, as played by Actor Anthony Quayle, Tamburlaine has his very real magnificences, with speech after speech boasting Marlowe's leap and resonance.

*Nature, that framed us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for reinment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:*

*Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,*

*Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,*

*Will us to wear ourselves and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
From passages like this it is not too far
to the later magic of*

*Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,*



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RELIGION

Holy Church Evaluated

When Vatican officials heard what Mr. Martindell had in mind, "they were," he says, "both astounded and doubtful." This is not surprising, for Jackson Martindell is president of New York's American Institute of Management, a nonprofit organization formed to evaluate the efficiency of business corporations, and what he had in mind was nothing less than a management analysis of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church.

The Church of Rome, reasoned A.I.M., doubtless could teach businessmen a thing or two—and vice versa. "Standard Oil of N.J. and the Catholic Church are both producers," says retired Banker Martindell. "Standard Oil produces oil and the church produces a way of life and a way of thought, but they both have production problems. Take a missionary—it's my belief that a man who practices good management will probably save more souls than a man who doesn't." So, in December 1948, with the astonished acquiescence of the Vatican, Episcopal Martindell had an audience with the Pope and went to work.

For a full year, 200 researchers worked away in Rome, swarming through the Vatican's archives and offices, codifying correlating, questioning. They were aided by hundreds of other researchers working in 30 languages throughout the world. "The Holy See will tell you that its [success has] resulted from Divine Guidance," says A.I.M. "But, at best, this is an oversimplification. The American Institute of Management believes that the New Testament contains conclusive evidence of a requirement of good management in all Christian activities."

This week, in a 26-page "advance summary report," A.I.M. gave the Roman Catholic Church a good score for "Management Excellence": 88%.

SOCIAL FUNCTION (a score of 1,000 points out of a possible 1,000): "With some 5,000,000 workers [the church] annually educates about 20 million children and cares for an even greater number of the sick and needy of all creeds."

ORGANIZATION STRUCTURE (700 points out of a possible 800): The church's management record has been uneven. In the reign of Pope Sixtus V (1585-1590) "we see the beginning of real delegation of authority and responsibility in church affairs." Two "major" weaknesses in today's structure: "Too little provision for staff research work, the result of which would be available to bishops," and "too much line and staff responsibility . . . still vested in the Pope himself, thus cutting down the opportunity for his good health, study and spiritual leadership."

GROWTH OF FACILITIES (375 points out of 500): The church has come a long way from the year 251, when "the personnel



MANAGEMENT EXPERT MARTINDELL
The Vatican scored 88%.

at the Holy See comprised 90 persons . . . and churches were numbered in the hundreds. Today, there are 416,466 Catholic churches, 385,219 priests, 101,681 educational and charitable institutions." But development has been spotty. And Catholic institutions all too often are ill-housed. "The financial planning of the church has never set up depreciation reserves."

MEMBERSHIP (1,100 points out of 1,300): Since St. Peter's martyrdom, "more than 5 billion souls have been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith . . . In evaluating church membership, all these must be reckoned with as establishing



POPE SIXTUS V
Standard Oil could learn some lessons.

tradition and thereby influencing the future. All the Pope's men are not to be counted merely within the living apostolate." But so far the church has failed to make sufficient appeal to the middle class, and this has handicapped it unduly in the U.S., despite "less Government opposition and more tax-exempt encouragement" than almost anywhere else.

Average Catholic zeal, which A.I.M. undertakes to measure through the centuries as it does Vatican efficiency and temporal power (see chart), is higher today than it was 100 years ago, "but we believe it to be but half of what it was in the beginning."

DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM (650 points out of 800): The church is weak here in public information and propaganda. "There are apparently too many Catholic publications, with too little effort to see that any of them are truly outstanding." The report cites the *Christian Science Monitor* as the level of excellence Catholic publications should aim for. "Having first used the word propaganda, the Holy See has failed to utilize the best talent available in the field. Time and again it puts its worst vestment forward when the best side could easily be shown."

FISCAL POLICIES (700 points out of 800): Here the church "performs amazingly well. No other organization within the area of our knowledge or experience does so much with so little." But too much of the church's capital seems to be invested in Italy. "Having a great financial interest in the hotels and banks in Italy would not appear to us to be the most astute selection for investment."

TRUSTEE ANALYSIS (525 points out of 800): A.I.M. rates the church relatively low here: first, because there is no board of trustees (the College of Cardinals is "the nearest approach" to one), secondly, because of "the advanced age of the Cardinals, and the fact that they so largely seem to represent an Italian clique."

OPERATING EFFICIENCY (650 points out of 700): "As of now, the atmosphere at the Vatican exudes efficiency . . . From the time clocks for all personnel to the extraordinarily long hours of the Pope himself, one senses an immensity of detail that is handled quickly and handled well . . . Great decisions are often made quickly, despite protocol and secrecy. Literally everything is kept under lock and key. The Pope carries the key to his own desk." The notion that the Vatican moves slowly arises from operations "where time is not consequential," e.g., definition of dogma and creation of saints.

EFFECTIVENESS OF LEADERSHIP (2,000 points out of 2,000): The church's recent leadership has been "extremely effective." "The present Pope has wisely selected bishops a step above the previous type. Most important of all, Pope Pius XII has recognized the need of a fresh appeal to the workman, while bringing the church to the middle classes to a much greater extent than formerly."

RECOMMENDATION TO THE VATICAN: "The family as an institution is dying on the road to material progress and needs a

6 As compared to Standard Oil of N.J.'s 90%.



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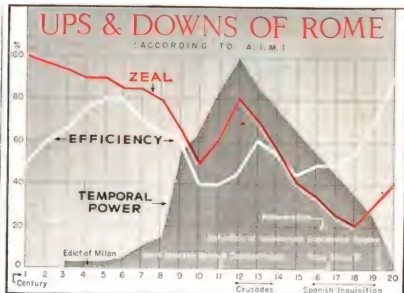
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Time Chart by V. Puglisi

revival that the Catholic Church could give . . . A 'Family Crusade' by Catholic Action would perhaps do more to strengthen the church as a positive measure than all the more negative steps against birth control or divorce."

RECOMMENDATIONS TO AMERICAN MANAGEMENT for lessons to be learned from the church:

- ❑ Long executive training and slow promotion.
- ❑ Full authority for top men once chosen.
- ❑ Not too much obvious zeal once a position of influence has been attained.
- ❑ Haste in some directions, delay in others.
- ❑ Use of elderly men in staff capacities.
- ❑ Diplomacy in all dealings.
- ❑ Avoid nepotism.
- ❑ Awareness that monetary reward by itself has never been a great motivating force for man's best activities.
- ❑ Public honor for past contributors to the undertaking.
- ❑ Strict discipline and an atmosphere of struggle and humility.

Grave Crisis

The burial place of the great Jewish philosopher Maimonides (1135-1205) was determined, so legend has it, when the camel that bore his bones from Cairo to Palestine refused to budge from a spot near the Sea of Galilee. In time, the modern city of Tiberias grew up around the old square stone that marked his grave. The burial ground became a grubby lot littered with shacks and privies.

To honor the "Ramham," Israel's Ministry of Religious Affairs last year decided to spruce up the tomb. Plans included a concrete roof and a fence. But when a bulldozer started digging the foundations, workers found bones from other old graves near by. Experts were not sure whether they were remains of Jews, Mos-

lems or Crusaders, and Tiberias' rabbis ordered them buried in unhalloved ground.

The news outraged the devout. From their ghetto-like quarters in Jerusalem, a band of extreme-Orthodox Jews sallied forth and plastered the city with proclamations calling down the wrath of God on anyone suggesting that the Ramham had been buried in "unworthy company." Hundreds of bearded and ringleted men picketed the tomb to prevent further sacrilege, fasted, paraded through the streets, recited psalms at the graveside day and night.

Last week Israel's chief rabbinate handed down a ruling: "Excavations must cease." The bulldozer rumbled away, and contractors tried to figure out a way of building without digging. Israel's government nervously denied that the Ramham's bones had been disturbed in any way.

Words & Works

❑ The first Jewish prayer book to be published in the Soviet Union since the 1917 Bolshevik revolution will be printed next month by a government press. It was financed by voluntary subscription of Jews in the U.S.S.R.

❑ Roman Catholics should not look upon their non-Catholic neighbors as "wayward rebels who have deliberately rejected Christ's teaching," warned Boston's Archbishop Richard J. Cushing. "We cannot meet the problem of the 'other sheep' in the modern world with the unbending severity which was appropriate in the 13th century . . . We must act on the assumption that their heart is right and their intentions honest, unless we have proof positive to the contrary."

❑ Dr. Ralph Overman, nuclear scientist at Oak Ridge and an active Baptist layman, took issue with people who predict that thermonuclear weapons will wipe out civilization. At Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, he accused Christians of using fear of nuclear weapons to "drive [people] into Christianity."

* A reverent nickname formed from the word "rabbi" and letters of Maimonides' name.



A man unsure of the future...
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A man who has planned
for any eventuality

Which man are you?

Let this be the moment of decision. Right now, as you read these pages, you can elect to take one path or another... be one man or another. And to help with your individual problems, John Hancock has individual solutions. Plans to add to your enjoyment of living in later years... to assure your children's education... to pay off the mortgage and keep the family together!

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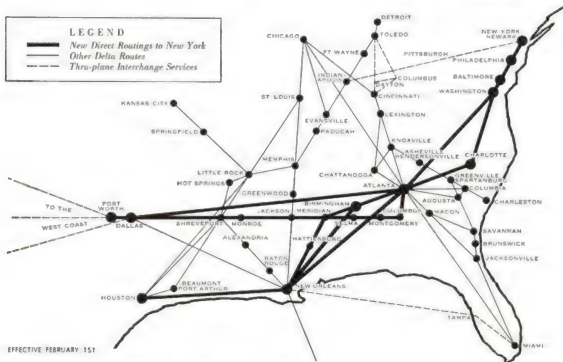
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Delta enters via Charlotte, Washington



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Initial service links New York and Washington with Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas and Ft. Worth

Delta's new service will start by providing deluxe Golden Crown DC-7's, DC-6 Daycoaches, and DC-7 Nightcoaches to and from New York and Washington.

This is just the beginning. April will see Charlotte, Baltimore, and Philadelphia added to the New York service . . . DC-7 Nightcoach service extended to

Houston . . . and one-stop Golden Crown DC-7 service started between New York and Houston, via Atlanta.

A huge new fleet expansion is already under way providing for steady increases in service and frequency to match the soaring economy of this busiest third of the nation.



10,765 miles of air routes to 60 cities in 7 countries

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One of Nation's pioneer airlines links dynamic Dixie with North

A scant half-dozen Gulf states hung like flags from Delta's first line stretched across the South more than a quarter-century ago. Early and enthusiastic air travelers told each other this was the "only" way to cross the South.

Since then the half-dozen states have grown to a score as Delta expanded operations to serve the Midwest, the Southwest and the Southeast. Aerophiles noted that this quietly progressive line was first to serve its region with four-engine planes, first to institute non-stop services, quick to put the finest and fastest available aircraft in service.

Delta was ready to load and take off when the South became the post-war darling of industry. Southern cities boomed and burgeoned—became great markets as well as hives of production. Some 2,000,000 passengers a year were soon telling each other Delta was the way to criss-cross Mid-America.

The business, opportunity and wealth of the New South was like a river at flood stage; it needed a new channel to cities on the nation's "Main Street." It was inevitable that Delta should provide that channel. The South had important business with the federal and financial capitals—and Delta was Dixie's partner.

Old South charm on newest airliners

With their heritage from the Old South, Delta folk are soft-spoken, hospitable by nature. Yet with assurance and dispatch they operate the fastest and finest aircraft in the world—the magnificent DC-7's, first of their breed in Dixie. Delta's modern fleet also includes day and night DC-6 aircorches and fast Super Constairs for a network of short-haul services.

The East will like Delta's fresh approach to service and its way of doing business. Look for the imprint of Delta's friendly philosophy in every new city it serves.



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SKIER RODOLPH

Fractures on the ski slopes, arguments on the sled run, and record-breakers from Russia.



SKATER ALBRIGHT & COACH MARIBEL VINSON

United Press; Associated Press

Ill-Omened Olympics

Borne north by car and plane, by skier and foot racer, the Olympic torch this week will travel from Rome to the famed ski resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites. Its arrival will open the seventh Winter Olympics. Even before they began, the games seemed headed for trouble.

For one thing, the weather has been bad, *i.e.*, good.² There was an acute snow shortage. Days of bright sunshine softened the ski runs. Slush filled Cortina's streets. Flags of competing nations hung limp in the warm air. As the bobsled run slowly spoiled in the heat, national arguments developed over who should get a chance to practice. Italian Alpine troops were standing by to cart snow from colder slopes.

Even worse than the weather crisis, there was a lengthening casualty list:

❑ American Skier Katy Rodolph, a point winner at Oslo in 1952, crashed into a tree in a practice meet, broke a vertebra in her neck and was lost to her team.

❑ Tenley Albright, world's champion figure skater and one of the U.S.'s few sure bets for a first place, tripped over a hole in the ice and lashed her leg. But the pretty blonde premedical student, who took up skating to offset the effects of childhood polio, insisted she would be ready for competition. Her physician father, who flew in from the U.S., agreed. Said Tenley: "I'll skate even if the leg is broken."

❑ Germany's best Alpine woman skier,

² The wrong weather is almost a tradition for Winter Olympics. At St. Moritz, in 1928, blinding snowstorms followed by unseasonable warmth almost wrecked the games; Lake Placid in 1932 all but melted in midwinter thaw; at Oslo, 20 years later, warm weather nearly wiped out competition.

SPORT

Evi Lanig, took a tumble on a downhill run and broke her arm.

❑ Whipping down a practice bobsled run, Belgium's Charles de Sorger wound up with a broken arm and an injured spine.

❑ Crack Russian Skier Valentina Nabatenko broke her leg while schussing down Cortina's Tofana mountain.

Although the Olympics were always meant to be contests between individuals, not nations, national partisans insist on keeping team scores. The accidents changed the calculations, but the pick of the field were the Russians, competing in the Winter Olympics for the first time.

Tuned up by long training at Alma-Ata, Soviet ski center, Russian skiers and skaters were swift enough to break records even in practice. The Russian hockey team seemed strong enough to give both favored Canada and the U.S. a fight. Russian cross-country skiers looked unbeatable. Only in the Alpine events (downhill and slalom) did U.S. men seem to have a chance to pile up points. Skooter Werner and Ralph Miller will carry the highest U.S. hopes, but Austria's Toni Sailer will probably whip the field. Andrea Mead Lawrence, who won the slalom and giant slalom for the U.S. in 1952, has borne three babies since then and may not have won back her old skill on skis. With Tenley Albright on the injured list, Figure Skater Hayes Jenkins may well be the U.S.'s only sure gold-medal winner.

Players & Gentlemen

In England, metaphysical concepts in public life are tended as lovingly as peonies in back gardens. There is the fine distinction between the Queen as monarch and the Queen as head of the Church of

England; there is the way in which India is, but at the same time is not, part of the Commonwealth. Almost as subtle are the differences in cricket between a "gentleman" (*i.e.*, amateur) and a "player" (*i.e.*, professional).

Today, the distinction is only evident in the annual game: Gentlemen v. Players. Until recently, in all games the players (paid by county cricket associations) used different doors from the gentlemen when they left the cricket grounds at Lord's. In the program, gentlemen were entitled to have their initials listed before their names; not so the players, who were listed only by their surnames. Professionals played on the same teams as the amateurs and were cheered with no less fervor. However, it was not considered cricket for a professional to become the team captain. The first man for whom that unwritten rule was broken is Yorkshireman Len Hutton, one of Britain's alltime cricket greats.

The revolution came in 1952, after two decades during which English teams led by gentlemen had been beaten in the test matches with Australia (where such distinctions are taken less seriously). In desperation, the English finally selected Player Hutton to be captain. Hutton did his duty: he beat the Australians and brought home the Ashes.³ Last year, under his leadership, England won again. Hutton became a national hero. But at 39, he was past his prime; a wartime accident had left one arm shorter than the other, and he had trouble holding his own against speed-ball bowlers. Last week, on his doctors' advice, Len Hutton retired—and all England mourned. There is no one in sight to take his place, among either gentlemen or players. "His

³ An earthenware urn, filled with ashes symbolizing the cremated body of English cricket.



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Rocket power for intercontinental guided missiles is here

Ten years ago this degree of power did not exist... but the future of our nation's guided missile program demanded it.

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Engineers studied available fuels so that engine designs could extract maximum energy from every gallon. This called for new pumps... and turbines to drive them. Turbines, more powerful than 10 auto engines yet smaller than a car battery, were built. The completed engines, tested at ROCKETDYNE's propulsion field laboratory in the nearby Santa Susana Mountains, have passed the

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What? Go back to work...

You mean that could happen to me?

Beth had asked me what I would do if anything ever happened to Bob. I can hear myself now. I couldn't imagine anyone *working* while trying to ride herd on three children and keep up a house, too.

"Why, Beth," I said, "I couldn't even find anybody to *stay* here with my three wild Indians."

When Beth left, I tried to put the idea out of my mind. But somehow, I kept coming back to it. What would I do if something did happen to Bob, and I had to get a job? We were young and just starting out — you know, a mortgage, car payments, and all the other items that shock a beginning budget. Why, at the end of the week, we didn't even have movie money. We left insurance out... figured it was too expensive!

That night, Bob and I had a serious talk. We decided we had to be prepared for the future. And that meant real finan-

cial protection — enough to keep our family together *regardless* of what happened — even if we had to pinch to do it!

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CRICKETER HUTTON
Metaphysics at bat.

defense was an iron curtain," wrote the *Times*; "his cover drive was the game's most classic stroke; the way he touched the peak of his cap between each ball was cricket's most famous mannerism... One remembers him [as] a joy to watch, and often, as a batsman, a savior to England."

Scoreboard

☐ Using head, elbows and glove laces with wicked efficiency, Featherweight Champion Joe ("Sandy") Saddler spent twelve rounds at San Francisco's Cow Palace cutting up Filipino Challenger Gabriel ("Flash") Elorde. Finally Flash bled so badly that the referee stopped the fight in the 13th, let Sandy keep his title on a TKO.

☐ When the University of North Carolina met North Carolina State in an Atlantic Coast Conference basketball game at Chapel Hill, not a Rebel was on the starting teams. North Carolina's Tarheels, with sharpshooters from New Jersey, Brooklyn and The Bronx, held off the Wolfpack Yankees from Colorado, Indiana, Pennsylvania and Ohio, scored one of the season's biggest upsets, 73-69.

☐ On the edge of the Gulf Stream, 2½ miles off Hollywood Beach, Fla., Indianapolis Housewife Barbara Jacobs, 33, strapped on an Aqua-Lung, swam down to a new skindiving record for women: 270 ft.

☐ At Washington, D.C., Dave Sims, Duke sophomore, ran 100 yds. in 9.5 sec. to break the American indoor mark. At the Women's National A.A.U. indoor championships, smooth-striding Tennessee A. & I. Sprinter Isabelle Daniels broke the world's 50-yd.-dash record with a 5.8-sec. qualifying heat.

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If ever there was a time to join the quarter million families who own two Fords, it's *now*! For now you not only give *your* family two-Ford freedom, you also give them the priceless added safety of Lifeguard Design. There's a new Lifeguard steering wheel, new Lifeguard door latches, a new Lifeguard rearview mirror. And, at very little extra cost, you can have seat belts and Lifeguard padding for sun visors and control panel!

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One of the lightest of plastics, Tenite Butyrate means a telephone that is almost featherweight, while its low heat conductivity makes it pleasantly warm to the touch.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Red Network

In Moscow, a 17-inch TV set costs less than a new suit of clothes. The catch: a new suit is priced at 1,600 rubles (\$400), some \$75 more than a TV set.

Even so, reports CBS News Correspondent Daniel Schorr, just back from four months in the Soviet Union, television is "booming," and Russia now ranks third in number of TV sets, behind the U.S. and Great Britain. Moscow itself has 700,000 sets, and antennas bristle not only from modern apartment buildings but even over the sagging wooden huts in the



Dan Schorr

PLUMP RUSSIAN

She told the fairy story well.

city's outskirts. Red workers can afford to buy sets because—though salaries are low—all adult members of a family usually have jobs, and some money can be saved because rents are cheap and medical and many educational expenses are paid by the state.

Telecasts begin at 7 p.m., with a 20-minute children's program featuring a plump woman in a peasant dress who sits in a chair telling a fairy story. Despite the dull camerawork, says Schorr, "she was a good actress and told the story warmly and simply." Next, in Schorr's monitoring, came an excerpt from a play called *Red Clouds*. The plot: a young man is torn between the revolutionary fervor of 1905 and the pious exhortations of his father, an Orthodox priest; he breaks away from the "evil influence of religion," curses his father, goes off to join the workers' revolt.

About one night a week, Russian view-

ers are treated to full-length, live ballet, drama or opera. Three cameras are used in these broadcasts, but during intermissions they remain fixed on the closed curtains of the stage. The TV audience can then have tea or vodka. New feature films are run on TV within ten days of their appearing in Moscow movie houses. A surprising once-a-week feature is 30 minutes of U.S. newsreels, supplied to Soviet TV by Hearst's Telenews Films. They emphasize baby parades and weight-lifting contests.

A Russian viewer pays his government 10 rubles (\$2.50) a year for electricity for his set and 48 rubles (\$12) as a program charge.

The Busy Air

Ed Sullivan and Warner announced the indefinite postponement of their planned movie, *The Ed Sullivan Story*. A possible reason: the dismal flop of *Liberace's Sincerely Yours* has caused moviemakers to reflect that customers may not be willing to pay money at movie houses to see stars they can watch free on television.

Jack Webb bowed to the opinion of the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover (*TIME*, Jan. 16) and the Los Angeles City Council, who have come out against "cop" as being derogatory to policemen. Instead of opening his new *Dragnet* films with "My name is Joe Friday. I'm a cop," Webb will now say: "My name is Joe Friday. I'm a police officer."

Leo Durocher, after two lusty swings and misses as master of ceremonies of NBC's *Comedy Hour*, announced that he was benching himself for a pinch hitter. Durocher will return to his off-camera duties as an NBC executive.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 25, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

See It Now (Thurs. 10 p.m., CBS). "The Farm Problem," with Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson.

Face the Nation (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS). Georgia's Senator Walter F. George.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). Sugar Ray Robinson discusses boxing.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Festival of Music*, produced by Sol Hurok, with Marian Anderson, Roberta Peters, Arthur Rubinstein.

RADIO

Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Part I of *Brave New World*, narrated by Aldous Huxley.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 1:30 p.m., ABC). *Die Meistersinger*, with Schoeffler, Da Costa, Della Casa, Tozzi, Glaz.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Carlos Chavez.

※ In the latest Nielsen TV ratings, Ed Sullivan captured the No. 1 spot, displacing *The \$64,000 Question* for the first time since it captured the lead last summer.



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F89's radar illuminates and tracks enemy, feeds information to Falcon. Missile is energized and automatically fired.

Reflected radar - 20-mile range

F89 Interceptor

FALCON'S

SCIENCE

Missiles Away

[See Cover]

This is the nightmare of the missilemen: It is 1962, and the U.S. is lagging in its development of war's newest weapon, the long-range guided missile. From Moscow to the apprehensive free world comes a terse radio announcement: for the next ten days, a 200-mile-square area in the landless South Pacific is a danger area; shipmasters and airplane pilots traverse it at their peril. The U.S. Navy and Air Force take up surveillance of the area; radar tracking crews from Alaska to New Guinea stand by their gear. On one of those days, a small, swift object rises steeply from the Kamchatka Peninsula. It soars into space on a curve 500 miles high, curves downward even more swiftly toward the danger area. For a few seconds it glows like a meteor, trailing a bright streak of flame. Then out of the sea rises a dome of fire 20 miles across. The sea boils as if a volcano had poked through the crust of the earth, and a cloud of radioactive death drifts downward. An earth voice jangles seismographs in San Francisco, St. Louis, New York, Madrid.

Again Moscow speaks: the heads of state of the leading free nations are invited to a new meeting at the summit. They accept. There is nothing else to do. Russia has the whip hand at last.

This climactic event in world politics is not possible now, and even at the impressive rate of missile development in the U.S.S.R., a 5,000-mile guided flight

may not be possible in 1962. But the certainty that such a flight is possible—perhaps five years, not more than ten years from now—has made guided missiles the No. 1 crash program of the U.S. armed services. The urgency of development has conjured up technological triumphs that would have seemed unthinkable ten years ago. It has created a giant missile industry (one guess: \$5 billion invested) that is breaking its bonds of secrecy in almost every corner of the U.S.

Birds of War. So far, official announcements about the missile program have been brief and vague. Glenn L. Martin Co. revealed recently, for instance, that it will build a \$3,000,000 plant undoubtedly for missiles near Denver. Shortly after such bits of news are made public, a bolt of industrial lightning strikes the locality mentioned. A cornfield or patch of desert blossoms with bulldozers; roads and railroads unroll; a great, blank-looking building grows like a hard-shelled mushroom; odd and often monstrous machines arrive on flatcars and trailer-trucks. Houses are hammered together in new residential areas, and a new breed of men move into town. They speak a novel language, using words like "parameter," "lox," "apogee" and "servo." They join in the life of the local community, but remain people apart, given to sudden silences.

These are the missile people, high technologists all. Some of them brood with pencil and paper; others contrive tiny instruments of inconceivable delicacy; others work with great rocket motors that shake the earth with their roars. All of

them are racing that day when an enemy-made meteor glows like a spark in the sky. Long before that day, the U.S. must have its own deadly "birds" and many other monsters too.

Guided missiles powered by rocket motors are not new. Their military importance has been obvious since the German V-2s, speeding many times as fast as the sound of their coming, hit London in 1944. If they had carried atomic warheads, they would have reduced much of England to radioactive rubble. No military nation missed this chilling lesson. War had taken on a new dimension; even before the first atomic bomb, it took little imagination to picture dozens of deadly duties that missiles could perform.

But for five years after World War II, the new and terrible birds of war that had been projected did not fly very well in actual fact. The captured V-2s brought back from Germany proved hard to understand, let alone improve; yet they were far ahead of anything in the U.S.

Progress in carrying on from the V-2 was agonizingly slow. The missiles that took to the air were inaccurate, skittish.



T-148 Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



The accurate, dependable, invulnerable long-range missiles that had been so freely predicted did not appear. The late Senator Brian MacMahon, then chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, summed up the situation in his famous remark about pushbutton warfare, "All we have now," said the Senator, "are the pushbuttons."

Technological Revolution. Effective missiles call for a technology that did not then exist. The need was for better rocket motors, more sophisticated electronics, more intelligent computers, more sensitive instruments. The demand was for new metals, ceramics, fuels, new physics and mathematics. New production methods were called for—in short, a technological revolution.

This revolution has now happened. In the past ten years the world of electronics has evolved beyond recognition. Computers, the brains of the missiles, have grown in intelligence as fast as the magic unfolding of a child's mind. Rocket motors are lighter, more dependable, enormously more powerful.

New factories have been built, such as

the Hughes Aircraft plant that turns out the fierce, intelligent Falcons, the Air Force's air-to-air missiles. The Falcon's tiny gyros, bearings and electronic components must be manufactured with a super-watchmaker's precision. The job is done in a great, windowless factory on the desert outside Tucson, Ariz. No speck of dust can be tolerated. The air is changed by fans and filters every nine minutes, and positive air pressure is maintained inside the building so that any air leakage will be outward, not inward. Engineers in the drafting rooms are forbidden to tear paper or use pencil erasers (both make dust), and all employees must wear nylon smocks. Among the best assembly workers are crippled men and women who are accustomed to sitting long hours without unnecessary motion.

Gestation Phase. Some of this improvement was due to the ever-rising curve of technological progress, but a good part was brought about by the missiles themselves. What they called for they generally got. Their problems were so exciting that top-grade physicists, mathematicians, chemists, even astronomers, were eager to tackle them. Many of the leaders of U.S. science have fashioned feathers and talons for the birds of war.

Key figure in the gestation phase of the missile industry was K. T. (for Kaufman, Thuma) Keller, then president of Chrysler Corp., whom President Truman put in charge of the program in 1950. Production Man Keller had little patience with visionary plans; he wanted hardware, both in the factories and in the skies, and he got it. The missiles now in operational use—the Matador, Nike, Corporal, Terrier—are the result of Keller's drive. Since

most of them are soon to be replaced, Keller has been criticized for loading the inventory with so-so weapons. But this was inevitable in the rapid metabolism of modern war; Keller's program created the knowledge, experience, test facilities and plants for the coming generations of missiles.

When the early missiles were planned, it hardly seemed worthwhile to try for very long ranges. And so the most glamorous missile, the 5,000-mile ICBM (Intercontinental Ballistic Missile), got a low priority. An early contract with Convair was canceled, and work would have stopped entirely if Convair had not continued with its own money. Emphasis was put on defensive missiles—the ground-to-air Nike and the air-to-air Falcon—and on short-range offensive missiles for use near enemy lines.

The first thermonuclear tests in the Pacific in 1951 had only a distant bearing on missiles. The early hydrogen devices were not bombs. Later models became droppable bombs, but they were still much too heavy. Convair, nevertheless, was given a contract for a limited amount of work on an intercontinental missile—just in case.

In late 1953, Trevor Gardner, Assistant Air Secretary for Research and Development and onetime electronics manufacturer, was assigned to study the whole situation. He gathered a topflight military staff, and consulted civilian scientists of the highest caliber, one of whom was

© Air Force people call missiles "birds" or "vehicles" (optimum speed vehicles). Army people usually call them "rounds" probably an unconscious attempt to emphasize their contention that missiles are artillery, not airplanes.

Mathematician John Von Neumann, now an Atomic Energy Commissioner.

Thermonuclear Breakthrough. Gardner's survey, completed in early 1954, covered the missile front, but dominated its conclusions was a carefully reasoned forecast by the nuclear physicists. In a relatively few years, predicted Von Neumann and his associates after long sessions with their calculating machines, thermonuclear explosives would be light and handy enough to be carried by long-range missiles of reasonable size.

This was a breakthrough. It changed all the equations of scientific war, and it forced on the Department of Defense a grave decision: to concentrate intensively on the ICBM. No longer did the intercontinental ballistic missile need to hit a one-mile "pickle barrel" to be effective. A T-N (thermonuclear) warhead in the megaton range (equivalent to millions of tons of TNT) would blot out a large city even if it exploded well outside the city's limits, and its radioactive fall-out would have a killing effect a long way downwind. So the ICBM, besides being fairly small, might be fairly inaccurate and still do its job. For it, a C.E.P. (circular error of probability) of five miles would be good enough. And the cataclysmic effect of the great warhead made almost any cost of the missile well worth spending.

Once the decision was made, action was quick, drastic. The ICBM* got urgent priority in the Air Force. Since the ICBM is a "weapons system" which requires support from many technologies besides those of air-frame building, the prime contract was taken away from Convair and given to Ramo-Woolridge of Los Angeles, a young electronics firm staffed by scientists who had seceded from Hughes Aircraft Co.

Getting Things Done. In charge of the whole ICBM program is Major General Ben Schriever, head of the Air Force's Western Development Division. Handsome, quick-moving General Schriever, 45, is a former airline pilot, a former Army Air Corps test pilot, and he holds a master's degree in mechanical engineering from Stanford University. His job in the ICBM program is like that of Lieut. General Leslie R. Groves, who bossed the development of the atomic bomb. Trevor Gardner calls him "vice president in charge of getting things done."

The far-reaching effect of the thermonuclear breakthrough did not stop with the ICBM. It was only reasonable to suppose that the Russians must be working on their own ICBM. Therefore, an anti-ICBM missile, though extraordinarily difficult, should at least be attempted. And since the Russians might deliver light T-N bombs by high-performance airplanes, the antiaircraft missiles, both ground-to-air and air-to-air, got new urgency.

So did missiles of intermediate range (up to 1,500 miles). The same prospective weight reduction of the T-N warhead that

made the ICBM practical upgraded the medium-range missiles to weapons of enormous military value. The conclusions of Von Neumann and his nuclear associates affected the entire military posture of the U.S.

The fact that missiles are now No. 1 was reflected in Defense Secretary Charles Wilson's recent demand for \$1 billion for the missile program. This sum is sure to increase as production gets under way, and it is sure to be supplemented by large items (for missile ships, ground carriers, training, etc.) tucked away elsewhere in the military budget. Another reflection was the appointment in August 1955 of Donald Aubrey Quarles as Secretary of the Air Force. Significantly, Quarles is a physicist and an electronics man. He worked most of his life at Western Electric Co. and Bell Telephone Laboratories.



AIR SECRETARY QUARLES
Significantly, a Bell-man.

and became president of Sandia Corp., which designs and manufactures nuclear weapons.

The ICBM, which must range more than 5,000 miles to be worthy of its name, is guided only during a short initial part of its flight. During most of its high-soaring course, it follows an unguided ballistic trajectory, like an artillery shell. Today the ICBM has passed through the study stage and is well in the stage of research and development. Hardware is beginning to appear, and many well-proved components, notably rocket motors, are being adapted to work with each other. General Schriever believes that no further inventions are needed—only a great deal of high-level and costly engineering. He is prepared for spectacular failures, but is sure of ultimate success.

Propulsion Problem. As now planned, the body of the ICBM will have two alternative "configurations" (shape and arrangement of rockets), one to be built by Convair, the other by Martin. The

propulsion problem is considered fairly well in hand, and the industrial hero of rocket propulsion is North American Aviation, Inc. Back in the early postwar years, North American got a contract to develop a long-range, air-breathing, (i.e., winged) missile. The best chance seemed to be for a high-performance plane propelled by a ram-jet engine at very high altitude and at two or three times the speed of sound. Since ram-jets have no thrust at all when standing still and not much thrust below the speed of sound, a rocket booster was necessary to get the winged missile (now called the Navaho) up to cruising speed. North American found that no one was interested in developing rocket motors big enough for the Navaho's booster, so it did the job itself, starting almost from scratch and building its own test facilities in the Santa Susana mountains, 40 miles northwest of Los Angeles.

Santa Susana is a fabulous place, a three-sq.-mi. area fenced and guarded, and crowded with up-and-down ridges dotted with rounded red rocks. A steep road winds over a pass and plunges into an amazing array of futuristic structures. There is no natural level land. Big buildings, fat tanks and weird testing equipment perch on crags or nestle in rocky crannies. New construction is being pushed with frantic urgency. The whole place swarms with hard-hatted workers. Bulldozers climb like mountain goats, pushing parts of the mountains ahead of them. A plant is in construction that will take from the air 600 tons of liquid oxygen per day.

Tucked away in ravines, to reflect sound upward, are the massive steel structures where rocket motors are put through their paces. Their beams are as strong as the piers of suspension bridges, and they are "fishhooked" into the rock to keep them from being lifted by the thrust of the rockets. Seven hundred feet away are squat blockhouses with periscope windows. When a powerful motor is under test, an enormous flame licks down the precipice, sometimes bounding upward in a billow of yellow fire. A sound like the rumble of doomsday rolls among the rocks, making the flesh quiver like shaken jelly.

The rocket motors responsible for all this commotion are dainty, five-foot things, some of which have the silhouette of a slim-waisted girl in a dancing dress. Around their bodies (combustion chambers) and flaring skirts (tail cones) are parallel metal strengthening bands that look like decorative ruffles. When stored in the open, they often wear translucent fucus of plastic film. A strong man can put one of them in the trunk of a car, but these frail dancing girls of space could lift 40 cars; when they are flying at full speed, they develop millions of horsepower, more than the top energy production of Hoover Dam.

Guidance Problem. For advanced missiles, guidance is a more serious problem than propulsion. Two guiding systems are of obvious value for an ICBM, and both are being developed. One, under contracts

* First called the Atlas, from Floyd Odlum's Atlas Corp., which then owned Convair. The name was changed later to ICBM, then to ICBM, to avoid confusion with International Business Machines Corp.

MISSILE FAMILIES

Each of the armed services has a big family of missiles in operation or development. Outstanding items:

AIR FORCE

Falcon. Probably the most sophisticated missile now in large production is the small, graceful, air-to-air Falcon (Hughes Aircraft Co.). It is 6½ ft. long, 6 in. in diameter, weighs 120 lbs. Its guidance system contains as many electronic elements as four television sets, all crammed into the space of a 2-lb. coffee can. The Falcon is a good example of the complication of missiles. The fighter plane that carries them is guided by ground radar until it is 20 miles from an invading bomber. Then the fighter's own radar picks up the target, locks onto it, and analyzes its relative motion. During this phase, the slim Falcons under the fighter plane's wing are quiet and lifeless. When the target approaches the Falcons' range, the pilot throws a switch, and the Falcons wake up. Their little gyros spin; the antennae in their noses search for the enemy. What the Falcons' delicate senses are looking for is a stream of radar pulses reflected from the target. When they "see" it, their radars lock into place.

At the proper moment, a Falcon takes off with a great stab of flame. In seconds it reaches high supersonic speed. The nose strikes through the target's wing or body, and a charge of explosive detonates inside. When tested against a drone F-80 jet fighter, one of them flew up its tailpipe.

Bomarc (Boeing) is a supersonic, long-range antiaircraft missile launched from the ground. Boosted into the air by an Aerojet rocket motor, it flies during most of its course on two ram-jets (Marquardt Aircraft Co.). It carries a warhead whose fireball is capable of knocking out more than one bomber of an invading fleet. When in operation, the Bomarc will be stationed in sheds on likely tracks of enemy bombers. Designed to be fired at a moment's notice, it can cover several hundred miles while a manned interceptor is getting clear of the ground.

Navaho (North American) still has high priority. A long-range missile, it has wings, flies in the atmosphere much more slowly than a ballistic missile in dragless space, is therefore more vulnerable to enemy attack. But it has advantages. Carrying a thermonuclear warhead, it steers by the stars. An amazing little instrument picks out a succession of stars, even in daytime, and navigates by them like a ship at sea. Unlike the ICBM, the Navaho can be instructed to zigzag and feint. When the Navaho nears its target, it can feel for the warmth of a darkened city.

ARMY

The Army's territory is ground-based antiaircraft weapons and surface-to-surface missiles of anything except extreme range. Army doctrine is that missiles are fine things, but they must be rugged, transportable, and easily concealed. Most important of all, they must be "G.I.-proof"; they will be under the care of plain soldiers, who will drop them, kick them, neglect them, spill ketchup on them. If made like laboratory instruments, they will not perform on the battlefield worth a G.I. damn.

Nike. In the antiaircraft division, the Army has the well-publicized Nike (rhymes with Mikey), a liquid-fuel rocket launched by a solid-fuel booster and steered toward invading bombers by radio. The Nike dates back to the Keller era and is not the last word, but the Army believes that it will hit any attacking bomber sent over in the near future. Admittedly the Nike is a point defense weapon with only moderate lateral range. But the Army has so many Nike batteries at strategic points that their ranges already overlap.

Redstone. The Army's most ambitious weapon is the Redstone, a surface-to-surface ballistic rocket designed at Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala., with the help of 120 German V-2 experts. Led by Werner von Braun, they have given their new country the biggest rocket that has actually been flown. It is a great, sharp-nosed metal cylinder. In accordance with Army doctrine, it is tough, can stand quick transportation and quick firing from enemy-influenced territory. Tested many times from the monstrous steel tower that sticks up above the scrub palmetto of Cape Canaveral, Fla., the Redstone is a vast improvement over its ancestral V-2, both in range, guidance and warhead. The Army is confident that after moderate changes it will reach to 1,500 miles. The Redstone is the reason why the Army has been given a crack at the IRBMs (Intermediate Range Ballistic Missiles), which have the same urgent priority as the ICBM. The Army intends to carry Redstone by air. Says Lieut. General James M. Gavin, head of Army Research and Development: "We want to be able to put it in cargo airplanes along with all its auxiliaries, fly it to Thailand or the Greenland icecap, and fire it a couple of hours after we land."

Below the range of the Redstone, the Army is nursing a whole series of surface-to-surface ballistic missiles.

Corporal is a result of the Korean war, when Army chiefs called for the best missile that could be put into production almost immediately. The best proved to be a moderate-range research rocket developed by Caltech's Jet Propulsion Center. It was a scientist's baby, unduly complicated. Corporal units are ready for action; but there are worried doubts about its reliability.

Little John is a "free" (unguided) rocket descended from the crude but operational **Honest John**. It is small enough to be transported in ordinary trucks, and will do the duty of divisional artillery. Little John is big enough to carry an atomic charge, and many can be fired at the same time, so the effect behind enemy lines should be considerable.

NAVY

Like the Army, the Navy will specialize in antiaircraft weapons and surface-to-surface missiles of all except extreme range.

Terrier. A small, solid-fuel antiaircraft missile, it is already installed on missile ships. Its range is short, and it will probably be replaced by the **Talos**, a rocket-ram-jet bird.

Later, the Navy's surface vessels will carry offensive missiles, but life in war may be rough for surface ships, so the Navy is thinking hard about launching its missiles from submarines near an enemy coast.

Best trick of all in the Navy's future will be to launch missiles from submarines submerged. If the submarine is nuclear, with an almost unlimited cruising period, it can be stationed for months off an enemy coast. This will make it a fine retaliatory weapon.

The submarine will be specially built with a watertight chamber to hold the great missile. It will poke to the surface an instrument to tell it exactly where it is. Then, at its leisure in darkness and silence, far below wave action, it will open its missile chamber. The missile will tilt to the vertical. When all is ready, it will rise from the sea in a flood of flame and a cloud of steam.



with American Bosch Arma, AC Spark Plug and M.I.T., is "inertial guidance." Its heart is a subtle instrument that senses every force that acts on the flying missile, the enormous force of the rocket thrust and the delicate forces of cross-winds and yawing motions. This information goes to a computer (contracts with Burroughs and Sperry Rand) that figures out the missile's position, speed and direction. If any one of these is not right for the programmed trajectory, the computer makes corrections, moving the missile's fins or regulating its fuel to put it back on its proper course.

The alternative system ("radio inertial") uses a similar instrument in the missile, but readings that show the missile's behavior are sent back to the launching site by radio waves. Then a computer on the ground tells the missile, also by radio, what to do. Each system has its advantages. Radio inertial guidance, for instance, keeps the computer on the ground, where it can be as big and heavy as necessary. Pure inertial guidance, on the other hand, is self-contained and unaffected by radio interference or enemy jamming.

Both systems must exert their influence while the missile is still in the atmosphere or the motor is still thrusting. In space, with the rocket cold, a ballistic missile is as independent as an asteroid. But another guidance problem remains. The missile ascends toward space nose up and cruises toward its target around the curve of the earth. Thus, in natural flight it will re-enter the atmosphere more or less broadside on. This is undesirable; so a "positioning device" must be provided to turn its nose toward its target. There are several possible ways of doing this, such as gyroscopes, flywheels and gas-jets.

Re-Entry Crisis. Somewhere during the passage through space, which will last only 30 minutes over a 5,000-mile range, the bulk of the missile separates from the "re-entry body," i.e., the nose cone and warhead. Now comes the crisis of the missile's life. As it drops down into the fringe of the atmosphere 60 to 80 miles up, it is moving at about 16,000 m.p.h. At this enormous speed, even the thin upper air generates temperatures that will vaporize any known substance. The dense lower air is even worse, and it smacks the re-entry body with jarring deceleration forces 30 times gravity. The situation is complicated by the fact that the air sweeping past the missile is ionized by high heat. This, absorbs some energy, but creates corrosive particles. It is also responsible for the meteor-like trail.

The designers of the ICBM believe that re-entry is their worst problem. The missile must not burn up, as most natural meteors do, and it must not lose its shape. Its thermonuclear warhead must not be exploded prematurely, and it must not be so damaged that it will not explode at all.

The ICBM-men are confident that these problems can be licked, but they do not say just how. One possibility is to make the missile slow down as much as possible when it is in the thin upper air, where the heating effect is still moderate. When it

hits thick air, it will therefore be moving more slowly and have a better chance of getting through to the target. Another method, probably the most important one, is to keep heat from penetrating more than the skin of the missile. A third possibility, exploding the warhead while many miles above the surface, is not acceptable to the ICBM-men. The great thermonuclear charge might still have a blast-and-heat effect on the ground far below, but it would not produce other effects—chiefly radioactive fall-out.

Equations of War. The ICBM is the nearest thing to an "ultimate weapon," complete with delivery system, that has ever been conceived. From U.S.-controlled territory, it could reach any part of the world, wreck the biggest city by blast and heat. Then the radioactive byproducts, drifting with the wind, could turn an area



MAJOR GENERAL SCHRIEVER
No time to phone for orders.

the size of many nations into a silent wilderness. An enemy's version of ICBM could do the same to any part of the U.S.

The ICBM will be comparatively cheap. After the enormous development costs are paid, each missile will cost, not counting the warhead, about \$1,000,000. (A B-52 bomber costs \$8,000,000.) It will need few spare parts. It will not have to be flown to keep the crew in practice, thus eliminating "attrition" (crackups). Its launching site will be very cheap compared with the cost of a modern bomber base. Missiles can be dispersed widely, a few or one to each launching site. They can be hidden to a considerable extent, they are potentially mobile, they can be put underground. For the cost of a few B-52 bases, the U.S. can have several hundred sites, and the enemy would have to knock all of them out to be safe from retaliation.

Eye on the Ball. Will the ICBMs work, and when will they be ready? Most missile experts seem to believe that the task

of developing them is not impossible, but that the timetable is uncertain. It may be five or even ten years, say the pessimists. Meanwhile, the U.S. must keep itself able to ward off more conventional attacks on its territory, and also be able to retaliate if an attack comes. Even high Air Force officers who have most faith in the ICBM feel that the U.S. must push conventional programs, both offensive and defensive, almost as if the ICBM were impossible.

General Curtis LeMay, head of the Strategic Air Command, is emphatic on this point. He is not against missiles, though sometimes quoted as being so, but he feels that in air warfare it is always necessary to keep one's eye on the ball, not on the distant future. "We must put more time and money," he says, "into the development of these birds. Missiles are another step in the evolution of war. We will use them as we get them, and we will get them when they are effective and reliable." LeMay's mission is to be ready for instant, effective action. He wants a continuous supply of weapons that will make such action possible, including lesser missiles than the ICBM.

Besides such considerations, there is the real possibility that the ICBM is "the weapon least likely to be used." All parties in a war may decide to keep their birds in their nests, fearing with good reason the devastating effect of thermonuclear attack and retaliation against population centers. Such forbearance would be a missile-armed extension of the U.S. policy of deterrence now based on LeMay's bombers.

Atomic Defense. So far in warfare, every new weapon has brought forth a counter-weapon. Missilesmen suspect—they even hope—that this will happen again. Their best hope is in atom-armed birds, whose fireballs may be more destructive in space than in the atmosphere. Some believe that they can even destroy an ICBM striking at 16,000 m.p.h. Such missiles can be tracked by their heat and ionized trails, and their trajectories determined. The "reaction time" will be frighteningly short—only a few minutes.

The missilesman are not happy, however. Both civilian and military, they know too well the potential effect on the earth of thermonuclear warfare. They fear that some small, irresponsible nation may get hold of a missile or two and blot out the capital city of a nation that it hates. Or perhaps when the great nations are armed to the teeth with long-range missiles and nervously watching each other, some quick mistake will be made. An innocent meteor may be mistaken for an invading missile. There will be no time to check or debate, and the decision to fire "in retaliation" will be made by some low-ranking officer. Retaliation may result in counter-retaliation, and in a few more minutes all the world's missiles may fly.

But missilesmen also have a hope that supports them: the ultimate weapon may produce the ultimate stalemate, a world in which all factions are afraid to start a war, and will take measures to keep it from starting accidentally.

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MUSIC

Van Beinum for Wallenstein

Resigned as conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic; Alfred Wallenstein, after 13 years' tenure. Successor, announced this week: Eduard Van Beinum, 55, of Amsterdam's brilliant Concertgebouw Orchestra, one of Europe's top conductors.

Masterpiece in Louisville?

When a composition by Roger Sessions is played, it is a major event. Reason: his music is so imposing and complex that few orchestras dare to try it. But this season Composer Sessions, 59, unveils four major new works in a row: 1) a cantata; 2) a Mass, to be performed at Kent School, Conn.; 3) a piano concerto, to be played at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music next month; 4) a symphony, his

tomed to traditional melody expect it to go. But the effect is not self-conscious; before the work is over, the melody attains a sort of naturalness of its own.

Louisville critics, softened up by two years of modern music acquired under a \$400,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant, were deeply impressed. "History may record," said the Louisville Times, "that a masterpiece was unveiled."

Air Force Wonder

Composers are seldom ordinary citizens, but Serge de Gastyne, 25, is extraordinary even among composers. He is 1) a count, 2) an Airman First Class,* assigned to write music for the Air Force, and 3) the composer of three symphonies.

Count de Gastyne, Marquis de St. Maur and Viscount de Montauriant, fought



COMPOSER SESSIONS

From horizon to horizon, four moods of love.

third, which the Boston Symphony Orchestra expects to play in March. The Louisville Orchestra, under Robert Whitney, premiered the cantata—really a solo aria the size of a full-grown concerto. Titled *Idyll of Theocritus*, it was even more imposing than previous jam Sessions.

The text is the second *Idyll*, one of literature's great love poems, by 3rd century B.C. Greek Poet Theocritus. The piece divides into four moods, as the forsaken girl Simaitha gathers magic spells, then tells the moon goddess how she met her lover, goes on to tell how she became his mistress, and finally explains his desertion and her determination to win him back. Sessions scarcely lets the soprano come up for air. At Louisville, Oklahoma-born Singer Audrey Nossaman needed all her excellent technique—and her strength—for some 40 minutes of music.

The solo part reflects the words so poignantly as to enhance their individual meanings, spinning a melodic line of horizon-to-horizon dimensions. The vocal line almost never goes where ears accus-

with the French underground in his teens, and in 1947 came to the U.S., where his dazzling piano-playing soon won him scholarship grants at the University of Portland and the Eastman School of Music. Between studies he took a flyer at salesmanship (encyclopedias), earned enough to finance a cross-country trip by bus. In 1952 he enlisted in the Air Force, which decided that it wanted him at the keyboard of a piano, not at the controls of a plane. At Sampson Air Force Base near Rochester, N.Y. (Major General Richard Lindsay commanding), he set out to compose a huge musical "panorama" celebrating the 50th anniversary of powered flight. Composer de Gastyne's librettist: General Lindsay's daughter Raylin, to whom he is now married.

Early this month the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under Conductor Thor Johnson played De Gastyne's third symphony. Critics found it to be a highly promising work, but with far too many

* Air Force equivalent of an Army corporal.

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They flew to Florida then toured the state in a handsome new Avis car. Saw winter headquarters of the circus, Everglades National Park, Big Cypress

Swamp, Lake Okechobee and Palm Beach. 534 miles in 7 days, and the cost, including gas, oil and insurance, was approximately \$12 per day.



Walden Leonard

AIRMAN DE GASTYNE
General Lindsay commanding.

idens—a potpourri of styles recalling Stravinsky, Ravel, Gershwin. Best feature—confident orchestration that sounds as if Composer de Gastyne enjoyed playing around with masses of pleasant sounds.

Last week, at Washington's Bolling Air Force Base, De Gastyne was at work on his latest assignment: converting songs by ex-King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia into a symphonic rhapsody.

Musical M.D.s

The TV camera focused on a dignified-looking orchestra, high foreheads gleaming above the violins. Only unusual fact about the concert: most of the musicians were doctors. One of the outstanding amateur orchestras in the U.S., the Doctors' Orchestra Society of New York, was making its live TV debut.

The doctors' orchestra was organized in 1938; now numbers some 50 medical men, their relatives and a handful of professional musicians, including Conductor Maxim Waldo. There are no standard medical-musical tie-ups. Dentists play violins, cello, horn, bass. General practitioners play flutes and timpani, a dermatologist plays viola. The doctors prefer to remain anonymous to avoid publicity that might be contrary to medical ethics.

Making music seems to have a special appeal for doctors: there is a similar doctors' orchestra in Los Angeles, and doctors' chamber groups are innumerable. Says Ophthalmologist Alfred E. Mamlock (clarinet), president of the New York doctors' orchestra: "The taste for medicine and the taste for music are the same kind of thing. Medicine is an art as much as it is a science, it not more so."

During last week's TV concert (finale of Dvorak's "New World" symphony), the doctors played competently and with gusto. And, for once, the program was not interrupted by the sudden departure of one of the oboists—an obstetrician.

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CINEMA

Who Would Resist?

Last week there was persuasive evidence that Marilyn Monroe is a shrewd businesswoman. There was also expert testimony that she is an actress.

The businesswoman became apparent when Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc. bought a property to serve as a starring vehicle for its president, M. Monroe. The property was playwright Terence (*The Window Boy*) Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*, a London stage hit in which Sir Laurence Olivier played the prince. Marilyn also bagged the playwright, and soon had another famed theatrical technician, Director John (*The African Queen*) Huston, in the act too.

Arriving in Manhattan last week to go to work on the screen play, Playwright Rattigan told reporters: "I am eager to meet my employer." In London, Director Huston said he "hoped" to direct the movie. In Rome, Sir Laurence said: "I should be delighted to make the picture with Miss Monroe. I have never met her, but I saw her films. I regard her as an actress and a comedienne of the first order, wonderfully easy to look at..." As for the bid to play opposite Marilyn, Sir Laurence said, "Who would resist an approach from Miss Monroe?"

The New Pictures

Helen of Troy [Warner]. "Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead," wrote Thomas Heywood, "who, living, had no roof to shroud his head." Two other cities, Rome and Hollywood, which care more about the poet's capacity to turn a profit than a phrase, have recently made an uneasy truce before the walls of Troy—strictly, of course, for the sake of plunder. Last year a Roman studio produced *Olympos*, a \$3,200,000 version of the *Odyssey*, but the title role was played by Hollywood Actor Kirk Douglas, and the picture was released in the U.S. by Paramount Pictures. The *Iliad* is now presented in a \$6,000,000 production in full color by Warner Bros., but the picture has an Italian heroine, and was actually filmed in Rome's big Cinecittà. In both cases, the blind poet, who wrote as well as any man for the mind's eye, has been translated for the camera's with all possible splendor and yet with considerable propriety too.

Allowing for much practical ellipsis and a few brazen disfigurements (it was Hector, not Paris, who killed Patroclus), the script by John Twist shows a commendable respect for the letter of the myth. It is the spirit that is Twisted. Homer's was a mythic drama in which gods and heroes,



JACQUES SERNAS & ROSSANA PODESTÀ
Is this the face?

love and politics, war and religion moved in the mortar of imagination. *Helen of Troy* is basically a story of hot pants high places. The hero, accordingly, is "godlike Hector" or "great Achilles," "soft Paris," whom even Helen called coward. As the part is written, the "Helen of Troy" can actually fight like a Trojan, and, as it is played by Jacques Sernas, "form divine" is so gorgeously muscled that everybody will understand why a prissy old maid, Athena, flew into such a snit about the boy.

As for Helen, Rossana Podestà, charming girl, but the customers, King Priam (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), will ask: "Is this the face that launched thousand ships?" And is this Helen (Harry Andrews), dreadful in his own right and fierce Achilles (Stanley Baker), with arms like lath? They look, as on the field of Mars they clash, like aging brothers at a game of squash. They talk like brokers, too, except when the script tries to belt out a Homer but winds with a high-flown foul, e.g., "Tell her I will walk in all my dreams."

The film is most successful when it transforms Homeric epithet into movie picture. The frontal assault on Troy, grand sight—yet not so grand that a spectator wonders if he has not seen it for the Dardanelles campaign 3,000 years ago. The chariot chases are breath-taking. Best of all, though, is the part in which the colossal horse comes galloping into Troy on a churning reel, like a thought of death on the full flood of

THE TROJAN WAR

Source of Information: Principally the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, two epic poems by blind Homer, the greatest poet of classical antiquity and the greatest war correspondent of all time.

Date of Conflict: About 1100 B.C.

Battlefield: The plains before the city of Troy, also known as Ilium, rediscovered in 1872 by the excavations of Heinrich Schliemann at the site of the modern Hissarlik on the River Scamander in northwest Turkey, just south of the Aegean entrance to the Dardanelles.

Belligerents: A league of Greek feudalists, led by Agamemnon of Mycenae ("King of Men"), v. the Trojans and their allies, led by Priam and his 50 sons.

Causes: Some divine, some all too human. The goddess Athena, angered because Prince Paris had awarded her half-sister Aphrodite the prize for beauty, decided to stir up the Greeks against the Trojans. It was not hard to do. Troy was rich in tribute taken from Greek merchants. Moreover, Paris himself was the young spark that fell into this tinder box. His rape of Helen, Queen of Sparta, whom he carried off to Troy in a fast galley, brought the Greeks to the shores of Asia Minor in 1186 ships.

Heroes: Hector for the Trojans, Achilles for the Greeks. Hector, whose parents were merely human, had hu-

man virtues: tenderness, loyalty, bravery. Achilles, whose mother was a sea nymph, had the vices of the superman: cruelty, arrogance, self-indulgence. However, he was invulnerable, except in his heel. His mother had dipped him, as a child, in the River Styx, but had neglected to submerge the heel she held him by.

Principal Events: Ten years of stalemate had set Greek nerves on edge, and Hero Achilles quarreled at last with King Agamemnon over a slave girl. Thereafter, while his countrymen lost battle after battle, Achilles smelt in his tent. Disaster threatened. Patroclus, the hero's friend, drove the Trojans back to their gates, but was killed by Hector, who then led a charge that nearly hurled the frightened Greeks into the sea. Forth then Achilles to avenge his friend. The heroes met, and Hector was killed. Achilles himself died at the hand of Paris, whose arrow found his heel, and the war was ended by a trick: Ulysses' famed stratagem of the wooden horse.

Results: Destruction of Troy. However, the Trojans got their revenge: Aeneas, with the help of Aphrodite, his mother, escaped from falling Troy with his father, the blind Anchises, on his back. He sailed to Italy, and there, according to Virgil's *Aeneid*, founded the city of Rome, which in turn conquered Greece.

The Lieutenant Wore Skirts. Century-Fox is an absent-minded scratch of *The Seven Year Itch*. I rub sensitive spectators the wrong but no matter. The audience may get sore, Actor Tom Ewell applies his ing sense of humor.

Actor Ewell is again a man whose (Sheree North) is out of town, but



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SHEREE NORTH & TOM EWELL
Less prowling and more yowling.

time the old Tom does less prowling and more yowling. His wife has gone from family pillow to Air Force post in Hawaii, and that's a two-year trick that Tom refuses to take. Lieut. North, however, seems to enjoy her military duties quite as much as her wifely ones, and husband Ewell is hard pressed to put asunder what the Pentagon has joined together.

He goes to Hawaii. When Sheree refuses to let him live on the air base as "a sort of male camp follower," he decides to aloha the boom. One day she finds him sprawled, like a particularly depraved passage out of Somerset Maugham, in a little grass shack in the banana slums, with not much more than a pith helmet between him and the kind of girl a man likes to have under the palms. She's the cook, he explains. Next day the Mrs. moves the Mr. into Air Force quarters.

She'll be sorry, and so will the customers, as the script strangles them slowly with the husband's apron strings. Now and then, though, that wonderfully funny man lets everybody up for air with a perfect piece of Tomfoolery. What is finally funny about Ewell, though, is not what he does but what he is. He is all the guys who live next door rolled into one, and that one seems to be himself. However, anybody who thinks his act is as natural as it looks will probably believe that clipper ships just naturally sail into bottles.

Golden Demon (Doie; Harrison). The Japanese soul has been described as a lotus bud stitched up to look like a big-league baseball. In it, the traditional Eastern longing for a spiritual flowering is crudely merged with the modern Western urge to get to first base. **Golden Demon**, except for *Hiroshima* the only postwar

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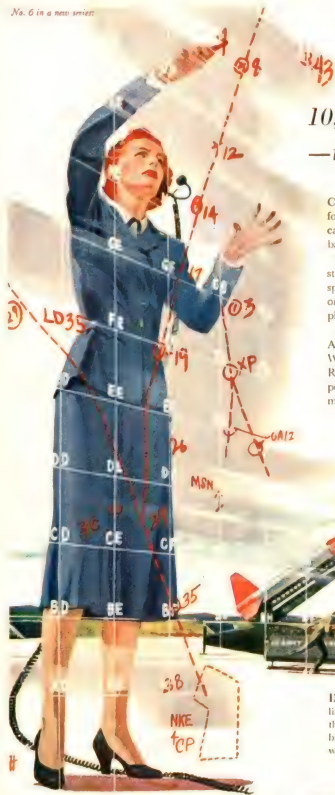
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First in Aviation

picture from Japan in which the U.S. moviegoer can learn anything specific about 20th century Japanese life. tells a story of how this broken culture broke two lovers' hearts.

The picture is a screen adaptation of Kyo Ozaki's *Konjiki Yasha* (*Golden Demon*); written at century's turn, it was one of the first Japanese novels ever set in the troubled here and unmitigated now, and it spurred the rising revolution in Japanese letters. As the picture tells it, the story is well calculated to soak as many crying towels as any other late Victorian romance. Miya (Fujiko Yamamoto) and Kan-ichi (Jun Negami), an orphan, grow up together in her father's house, fall in love, and are properly betrothed. A rich young man appears and speaks for Miya's hand. Her parents, who later say that they "must have been possessed by a golden demon," urge her to break with poor Kan-ichi and take the rich man. Blinded by duty, Miya accepts. Insane with pain, Kan-ichi shrieks that "from this night forward I cease to be a human." Since money has mastered him, he will master money. He becomes a loan shark. Miya, meanwhile, is miserable with her wealthy husband, and he with her. Eventually, Miya and Kan-ichi meet again in the ashes of their misspent youth, and begin a new life together.

To a Western moviegoer, the most rewarding thing about this otherwise simple-minded film—except for the breathtaking color—is the insight it gives into middle-class family life in Japan. One moment the moviegoer feels as if he were sitting down to dinner in Dubuque; the next he sits watching patterns of behavior as eerily irrelevant to his experience and feelings as bird tracks on the moon—or, indeed, as most Oriental music is. Still, the picture does communicate a vivid sense that life, even in a Westernized Japan, is not so much an experience to be lived as a ritual to be performed. The ritual, when fervently enacted, tames the natural dragon and reveals the spiritual treasure. When played without feeling, or so this story seems to say, the drama of convention turns into a tragedy of manners, in which the empty pursuit of virtue runs parallel with the race for riches. "For what shall it profit a man," the story seems slyly to ask sometimes, "if he shall gain his own soul and lose the whole world?"

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Night My Number Came Up. Thirteen people are caught in a dream that starts to come true: a low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave, George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

The Man with the Golden Arm. Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film, gets the year's loudest laughs as she demonstrates why Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 19).

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MEDICINE

Drug Revolution

New drugs for the mentally ill are causing a revolutionary change in New York's 27 state hospitals. For years, admissions have been increasing at a rate of 3,000 annually. Now the department of mental hygiene reports a 10% increase in admissions and expects a net drop in discharges. Reason: mentally disturbed patients are being treated earlier and more effectively with the drugs chlorpromazine and reserpine (TIME, March 7). Many illnesses are being arrested or alleviated so that the victims do not require commitment.

Operation Dialogue

What do surgeons say during an operation? In the Hollywood version their speech is tense, clipped. A new recording by Folkways Records of an actual operation in an eastern U.S. hospital shows that, in reality, surgeons sound like expert mechanics bent over a balky V-8. Thus:

An older surgeon is supervising a young surgeon in an operation to remove a cyst from a small boy's neck. He keeps repeating phrases like "spread and cut" or "stay close to the object you're removing" to impress operative technique on his charge. "What are you scared of?" he needles the young surgeon. "This is lots of fun."

When the novice hesitates to make the kind of sharp, precise cuts that the body can heal most easily, the old one remarks caustically: "Now we're back to pecking and scratching." When something seems to go wrong, he cries bluntly: "Grab the damn thing—with something—not with the scissors!" When the young one has pulled himself together, the old one rumbles: "Now you're cooking."

The old one wonders why a certain anesthetic is not used more often, and the young one chuckles: "It causes bleeding. So do we." Suddenly, the senior surgeon explodes: "Can we get that damn light a little better? It's not satisfactory . . . Holy suffering Moses! Now it's all dark!"

The boy with the cyst made a perfect recovery, left the hospital in three days.

Glow Test for Bacteria

A tremendous improvement found by U.S. researchers should eventually take much of the guesswork out of treatment of suborn infectious diseases.

Despite the "wonder drugs," which kill specific kinds of germs, physicians are still handicapped in starting treatment because in many cases they do not know what kind of germ they are fighting. Hence, they do not know which drug to use. If they take a specimen from a patient, e.g., sputum, spinal fluid, they can grow the bacteria from it and eventually identify them, but this takes about a week. In Atlanta, Bacteriologist Max D. Moody of the U.S. Public Health Service described a method for achieving this result within an hour.

First, a drop of the specimen fluid is smeared on a microscope slide. Then it is

covered with a drop of serum (from an animal) containing the antibody which develops when the suspected species of bacteria is present. This serum is tagged with fluorescein, a luminous substance. If the right antibody hits the right germ, the germ starts to glow under the microscope. If the tester has guessed wrong, no glow, and he tries again with other antibodies.

Block That Pain

Quacks have always preyed on those who believe that banishing the malaise cures the malady. But to doctors nowadays, concerned with basic cause and cure, "mere relief of a symptom looks petty and the problem . . . seems a bore."

So says Dr. Walter Modell of Cornell in *The Relief of Symptoms* (W. B. Saunders Co.). The book's point: doctors must try not only to find a long-range cure but to give immediate relief. Otherwise, patients may be driven to the charlatan. Author Modell lists symptoms that should be treated at once, whether or not the basic trouble can be cured. Samples:

Insomnia, one of the most common complaints, usually originates in the mind rather than the body. Occasional bouts can be treated with drugs (which have become so popular that a woman patient debated: "I don't know whether to take a Benzedrine and go to a party or take a Seconal and go to bed"). But the chronic variety requires a plumbing of the patient's psychological difficulties. Modell also suggests some nonmedical remedies: changing sleeping habits, eating before bedtime, swigging a nightcap, reading in bed. Counting sheep is not much help.

Gas in the intestines is perhaps the least polite symptom doctors have to deal with, and one for which, says Modell, there is no precise term now in decent usage. When, as commonly, it is caused by swallowing air, it is simply embarrassing. But it may also indicate loss of intestinal muscle tone, especially when vomiting or excessive belching results. In such cases it can usually be relieved by heat applications, enemas or drugs.

Difficulty in breathing (dyspnea) is one of the most disturbing symptoms, and may indicate serious disease, e.g., asthma, pneumonia, congestive heart failure, anemia. Morphine provides quick relief, but may be dangerous. Other remedies, depending on the cause: adrenaline, blood transfusions, oxygen, removing obstructions from the windpipe.

British Salk

Health Minister Robert Turton announced that Britain has developed a modified Salk vaccine, which will be available this year for 250,000 to 500,000 children aged two to nine. Main difference from the U.S. anti-polio vaccine: substitution of the milder Brunhilde strain of Type I virus for the more virulent Mahoney strain, on the ground that if any live virus slips through, Brunhilde is less likely to cause serious paralysis.



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ART



CARL MORRIS' "FROM THE WATERFRONT"

Return to Nature

"A new growth to watch is the abstract expression which derives rather heavily from nature." In so saying, Painter Carl Morris, 44, speaks with personal knowledge. His own nature-influenced abstractions rate one-man shows up and down the West Coast, and hang in nine U.S. museums. San Francisco Art Critic Alfred Frankenstein calls Morris "the best painter in Portland, Ore., and one of the best in the United States. Like some of his colleagues, Morris seems to be returning to nature with the very free technique of non-objective painting." In Morris' one-man exhibit at Manhattan's Kraushaar

Gallery last week, the evidence was clear that Painter Morris has pushed his technique to a new combination of recognizable objects and abstract design.

Morris is the first to admit that much of his inspiration comes from Pacific Coast landscape. To find it, he need go no farther than the front door of his cliffside house, where he lives with his wife, Sculptress Hilda Morris, and ten-year-old son David. "Frequently fog makes islands of trees, very Oriental. This dissolves into misty atmosphere and double horizons. There's a vertical and horizontal thing going on, with the trees making the verticals." But Morris punctures the critics who have made a cult of the North-

west's Orient-influenced mysticism: "I guess I've got a mysticism that isn't mystic. If it looks Oriental, it is because of similar environments. Remember, in the Orient nature was always the teacher."

The big element Morris has learned from nature is the importance of space. Says he: "In the Northwest, you see either close up or far away." In *From the Waterfront* (see cut), done in soft shades of grey with only small punctuations of color, the painting close up has the tactile sense of smoothed concrete; seen from a distance, it becomes a moody study in perspective.

Morris draws a sharp line between his own abstractions, with recognizable objects

NEW ACQUISITIONS: BONNARD & MONET

NO group show in history has become more famous than the one staged in 1874 in the vacated Paris studios of Photographer Nadar. One look at the shocking works by such unknowns as Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Degas and Cézanne, and the critics doubled up with laughter. In Claude Monet's *Impression, Sunrise*, the critics found an epithet to pin on the upstarts: "Impressionists."

But the raucous laughter echoed on to haunt the critics. Today these impressionist "palette scrapings," as they were derisively called, are among the most popular paintings of Western art. And their popularity commands a hefty price. The two new acquisitions of impressionist painting (opposite) by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art and Minneapolis' Institute of Art are today valued by experts at upwards of \$50,000 apiece.

The main point about the impressionists is not that they shared a name in common, but that their vitality and accomplishment rested on individual talent, stubbornly pursued by each artist in accordance with his own unique vision. Claude Monet's long lifetime of painting is a prime example. Long after impressionism ceased to be the vogue, he pushed on with

his studies of light and texture. At the age of 76, troubled with approaching blindness, Monet ordered 50 huge (7 ft. by 18 ft.) canvases sent to his country studio at Giverny, began painting the water lilies in the pond beside his house in a last great effort to capture "something impossible in rippling waters with tall grass undulating in the sun." Looking at Monet's masterful brushwork, his lyrical blending of earth, water and sky into a single composition, French Painter André Masson called the completed set of canvases "The Sistine Chapel of impressionism." It is one of this superb series that now hangs in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

One of Monet's enthusiastic visitors during his final years was a painter a generation younger, Pierre Bonnard, who had a house across the Seine from Giverny. His *Dining Room in the Country* (opposite) is one of the best examples of what impressionism became under Bonnard's brush. In it, the transition from the blue tablecloth set in the cool interior of what is probably Bonnard's summer house, past the door and window, framing a dark-haired woman, to the shimmering outdoor vibrations, becomes a melodic, orchestrated movement from calm interior repose to the joyous peacefulness of a summer's day.



MINNEAPOLIS INSTITUTE OF ARTS' "DINING ROOM IN THE COUNTRY" BY PIERRE BONNARD



MANHATTAN MUSEUM OF MODERN ARTS' "WATER LILIES" BY CLAUDE MONET

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Manufacturer



WITH FEET firmly planted in the rich, black soil of Iowa, the city of Des Moines rises from surrounding corn fields — an island of industry in a sea of agriculture.

Des Moines is the world's largest producer of garden magazines and lawn mowers... of wind tunnels and fuel injection nozzles for jet aircraft engines. Des Moines makes pistol belts for the army... carbon paper for offices... golf bags for sportsmen... insecticides for farmers... cement for the builder... and Des Moines is second only to Akron in manufacture of automobile, truck and tractor tires.

Des Moines is the headquarters of two of the nation's largest publishing organizations, each boasting individual magazines with circulations of over 4 million. Des Moines is the

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Des Moines has many unique advantages to offer industry. For example: the nation's most flexible labor supply — workers from outstate flow into Des Moines when needed, return to towns and farms when demand

slackens. Nine railroads, 70 truck lines and 2 major air lines serve Des Moines. Abundant, economical natural gas reaches Des Moines through the pipelines of Northern Natural Gas Company, and is distributed locally by Iowa Power and Light Company.

For more information, write the Iowa Power and Light Company, Des Moines, or the Area Development Department, Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

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looming out of the background, and the prevailing trend of Manhattan's abstract painters. To Morris, their delight in overall painted surfaces "is like looking into a window loaded with fascinating, kaleidoscopic objects. But in multiplying one area of excitement until it moves right off the canvas, they're not painting abstractions; they're just repeating details."

Depicting Pleasure

The most mysterious master in the history of Japanese art was a printmaker who signed himself Sharaku, meaning depict pleasure. One spring day in 1794 Sharaku entered a guidebook and print shop on the edge of Edo's red-light district carrying some stark, needle-sharp portraits of Kabuki actors. The shopkeeper agreed to publish his drawings, so for the next ten months Sharaku depicted the pleasures of the stage. His prints sold badly, and Sharaku vanished, never to



"GREAT BOY MOUNTAIN"
Exquisitely immortalized.

produce again. He left behind a body of work as exquisite as it was small: two painted fans, 17 drawings, and 139 known woodcuts. Last week the count of his prints increased to 140.

On display in Tokyo's huge Mitsukoshi department store was a newly discovered Sharaku depicting not another actor but a wrestler: the famed and presumably feared Daidozan ("Great Boy Mountain") Bungoro. Daidozan's career is almost as much a mystery as Sharaku's own. At eight, when Sharaku drew him, the little athlete weighed 180 lbs. and boasted a 47-inch waistline. Sharaku showed him charging belly-on toward the spectator and squinting in delighted anticipation of the coming collision with his opponent. Daidozan never fulfilled his large promise, for he quit the ring at a mere 17.

Not much more is known about Sharaku. He simply appeared for a moment, brilliant and unexpected as a comet, in the rich, slowly circling heaven of art.



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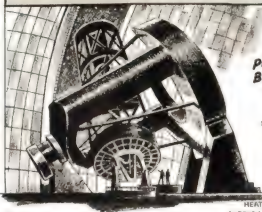
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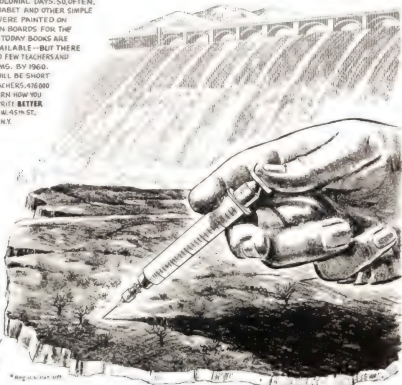
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RAILROADS

Finis McGinnis

"Absolute baloney!" roared rambunctious Patrick Benedict McGinnis last week to a report that he was leaving the presidency of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Less than five hours later, McGinnis ate his baloney, said that he would quit his \$75,000-a-year job because a "splinter group" of New Haven directors did not like the way he was running the railroad.

"I am sure that there will come a moment when some of my critics will want to correct a shameful wrong," said McGinnis virtuously. "I have had to face an



NEW PRESIDENT ALPERT
A promising platform.

unusual share of basic operational problems. . . . Nothing justified the unprincipled and unbridled venom from some quarters directed against me."

"Too Many Headaches." McGinnis, 51, was derailed because stockholders were troubled not only by commuter complaints but also by financial danger signals ahead. "His lavish payment of dividends and his diminishing payments for maintenance made it certain that a crisis would arise," said Aetna Life Insurance Co.'s President Morgan B. Brainard Sr., who resigned from the board twelve months ago and unloaded substantial holdings of New Haven stock held by his company. Major stockholders, looking for a new president, tried to hire Wether S. Hackworth, president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. Snorted Hackworth: "Too many commuters and too many headaches."

Instead, the New Haven board picked Boston Lawyer George Alpert, 57 (at \$50,000 a year). No railroad man, Alpert

had helped McGinnis win his 1954 proxy fight for control of the New Haven, became a director, has been studying ways to improve the road. He plans to hire an operating boss, said he would buy "a large number" of new diesel locomotives, boost maintenance outlays \$3,000,000 in 1956, and run trains on time again. Said he: "Until proper service is accorded to the public, the investors are not entitled to a return on their investment."

Too Hot, Too Cold. In McGinnis' 21 months at the switch, passengers had been riding second-class. McGinnis blamed late schedules on last year's floods, but the timetable had fallen apart long before. When commuters protested McGinnis' \$12 million slash in maintenance funds since 1953, McGinnis snapped: "I've given these politicians everything they asked for." In summer, when air conditioning broke down, McGinnis explained that the weather was "too hot." In winter, when diesel locomotives stalled because crews failed to drain condensation coils, he claimed that his engines were "freezing."

Padded Profits? McGinnis claimed that his economies resulted in a \$9,275,000 profit for eleven months of 1955, almost double the 1954 net. But Frederic ("Buck") Dumaine Jr., whom McGinnis ousted as president in 1954, charged that McGinnis had used cash reserves and income from subsidiaries, e.g., The Connecticut Co., to pad railroad earnings. Said Dumaine: "They must have lost \$7,000,000 running the railroad 10 months."

Cash reserves had certainly dwindled. Current liabilities had mounted, while long-term debt rose from \$193,850,000 to \$199,580,000. Protested one former director, "It's a stock speculation[®] venture instead of a railroad business."

Five hours after quitting the New Haven, McGinnis became president of the Boston & Maine Railroad, which he and a group of Wall Street characters had won in a proxy fight last April. It is a small (1,575-mile), thriving railroad with a reputation for running its trains on time. Boston commuters feared the worst.

The Aerotrain Stalls

Less than a fortnight after its splashy exhibition runs, one of General Motors' experimental Aerotrains was back in the shop. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which had planned to start testing the Aerotrain on its New York-Pittsburgh run Feb. 6, postponed the date by at least three weeks. Reason: too much noise in the coaches, too much sway and roll on curves and at high speed.

McGinnis used New Haven cash to pay dividends on the preferred stock, of which he held little. But dividends on the preferred stock had to be paid before he could declare dividends on the common stock, of which McGinnis and directors held 128,500 shares. Nevertheless, the common stock skidded from a high of 39 to a low of 28 in 1955, while most railroad shares highballed ahead.

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Great Credit Debate

A bitter and recurring debate in U.S. history concerns the money supply. In the 1870s and '80s national elections were fought on the issue of tight v. easy money; new parties—the Populists, the Greenbackers—sprang up whose primary function was to argue for a looser money supply. William Jennings Bryan, Boy Orator of the Platte, won his reputation and the Democratic presidential nomination in 1896 with a plea for easier money.

Last week there were no Bryans to argue the matter, but among U.S. bankers and businessmen, the debate raged hotly



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—LIFE
THEODORE ROUSSEAU
His evidence is immense.

once again: Is the Government's tight control of the money supply a rein on inflation or a noose strangling the growth of the economy? Plenty cried "noose."

¶ In Washington a panel of 30 top home builders, gathered at the National Housing Center, greeted an announcement by the FHA and VA lengthening the repayment period on Government-guaranteed mortgages from 25 to 30 years. But the builders said that the longer mortgages, which mean smaller monthly payments, were not enough. Unless the Government eases the supply of mortgage money, they foresee a drop in 1956 housing starts of some 90,000 to 100,000 under 1955's 1,310,000.

¶ In Chicago speaker after speaker at the 8th annual credit conference of the august American Bankers Association called for caution on credit, but did not think the present level too high. Said Bank of Virginia's President Thomas C. Boushall: "Outstanding consumer credit (totaling \$34.6 billion) is not actually excessive.

TIME CLOCK

Private debt (which includes consumer credit) in 1930 was 176% of a year's production; in 1955 private debt is 81% of a year's production."

¶ Sears, Roebuck Chairman Theodore V. Houser, who should know what he is talking about because two-fifths of Sears' immense sales are "on time," saw no cause for alarm. Opposing any direct federal controls, at present, Houser said: "The vast majority of people conduct their affairs with prudence. When the ratio of credit extended exceeds the rate of repayment by from 2% to 2.5% of disposable income, a correction occurs on the part of the consumer. Indications are good that a turn downward in the growth of consumer debt is under way right now."

¶ The loudest voice of all for easier money came from General Motors' Harlow Curtice. Answering critics of current auto-payment terms, Curtice said the down payment on new cars continues to average 40% of the price; the average installment is \$80 monthly, and only two out of 100 are repossessed. Concluded Curtice: "The new high level of automobile credit is in keeping with the higher level of disposable income."

Back to "W"? The tighter credit men were equally plain-spoken. "How far can we go in loaning against time?" Banker William Lockwood of Burlington, Vt. asked the A.B.A. meeting. Said New York's Hanover Bank President R. E. McNeill Jr.: unless such "abuses" as small down payments are corrected, "I favor reinstatement of Regulation W" (which gave the Federal Reserve Board control over credit intermittently between 1941-52 by specifying terms on consumer credit). In Washington, following a conference of FRB economists and the Senate Banking Committee, Arkansas Democrat William Fulbright decided that consumer debt (up \$3 billion since spring) is climbing too fast. "If the Federal Reserve people want direct controls on credit," he said, "we probably will be sympathetic."

The FRB had no such move in mind. Consumer credit is still rising, but the curve is flattening out. In November the increase was \$419 million; earlier last year, credit skyrocketed as much as \$900 million a month. Last week the FRB sold treasury bills and other Government securities, thus soaked up more dollars and kept the supply of money for credit tight. Business loans by member banks in 94 cities dropped \$252 million in mid-January, and bankers' acceptances (negotiable bills covering shipments) on Dec. 31 were 26.5% under a year ago.

The fact that many voices that sounded off in the debate last week were on the side of more credit did not necessarily drown out the voice of experience. The voice of experience said that when credit becomes too inflated, as in 1920 and 1929, the boom turns into bust. Thus, with business still on the upgrade, the FRB was wise to keep credit tight.

CORPORATE MERGERS will find the going rougher. The Federal Trade Commission has slapped Foremost Dairies (39 dairy companies acquired since 1951) with a complaint charging "constant and systematic elimination of actual and potential competitors" with the result that Foremost boosted sales from \$52 million in 1950 to \$375 million in 1954. FTC Chairman John W. Gwynne has also asked Congress for new powers to require advance notice of all mergers in excess of \$10 million, and stronger powers to dissolve mergers that have already taken place.

NEW ALUMINUM GIANT will be built by Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. The company will spend \$120 million for a fully integrated aluminum plant near Clarington, Ohio. Initial capacity of the plant: 60,000 tons of aluminum annually.

ADMINISTRATION ADVISERS who serve without compensation (WOCs) are being dropped from Government service rather than being required to disclose their private finances under the President's new rules. Office of Defense Mobilization has dropped 27 consultants, while the Commerce Department's Business & Defense Services Administration has dropped more than 100.

ECONOMY DRIVE to get the U.S. Government out of business will pick up steam this year. After stalling last year, the plan for the Pentagon to discontinue 52 business-type operations (including 19 office-equipment repair shops, nine auto-repair shops) is getting a green light from the House Appropriations Committee.

WESTINGHOUSE EARNINGS are taking a bad licking from the three-month-old strike. Westinghouse lost \$1,037,000 in the fourth quarter, ended the year with earnings of \$42.8 million or \$2.46 a common share v. \$79.9 million or \$4.78 a share in 1954.

RENEGOTIATION SQUABBLE is brewing between Boeing Airplane Co. and the U.S. Government. The Government's Renegotiation Board has ruled that Boeing must give back

excess profits of \$9,822,340, less taxes already paid (on total renegotiable earnings of \$54.5 million), for 1952. Boeing points out that its renegotiable profits were only 2.28% of sales and that the board "does not measure the reasonableness of the price of the articles furnished the Government."

TRUSTBUSTER Stanley Barnes wants to leave the Government for the security of a federal judgeship. A Los Angeles County judge before he went to Washington, Barnes would like to go back to California, assume the seat now vacant on the Ninth Circuit Court bench on the West Coast.

ARGENTINE CREDIT in the U.S. got a helping hand after six years of cash-in-advance dealings for businessmen under Dictator Peron. As a starter, New York's First National City Bank and Chase Manhattan Bank will set up a \$30 million fund to cover payments for Argentines for goods bought in the U.S. The move should help steady Argentina's peso, which last week hit an alltime low of 45.75 to the dollar before climbing to 40.

HOTEL HEADACHES in Las Vegas are getting more painful. With two hotels already closed (Tins, Jan. 16), the new, 200-room, \$4,500,000 Dunes Hotel, which opened only last May, has closed its gambling casino and theater restaurants because of sky-high operating costs.

MILWAUKEE'S SCHLITZ is again the No. 1 U.S. beer, after having been nosed out by St. Louis' Anheuser-Busch (Budweiser) in 1953 and 1954. The 1955 sales totals: 5,780,000 bbls. for Schlitz, close to 100,000 bbl. more than Anheuser-Busch.

LABOR PEACE for the often-struck Northwest lumber industry seems assured until June 1957. Lumbermen announced an 18-month agreement with 80,000 of some 100,000 workers, including more than 30,000 members of the International Woodworkers of America. Industry pattern calls for an approximate 4 1/4% wage increase (about 9¢ per hour) that will add more than \$20 million to the industry's annual costs.

Cars Down, Steel Up

Like a happy hot-rod, the auto industry sped through 1955 leading the economy at a record clip. Last week, when the inevitable pause came, some, grown accustomed to the impossible, expressed alarm.

Chrysler Corp. furloughed 10,300 workers, while other automakers and suppliers made scattered layoffs or cut back overtime and eliminated Sunday work to get back on a normal workweek. All told, some 25,000 were idle in Detroit. Main reason: the 807,000 cars in dealers' hands are more than double the inventory at the same time last year.

American Motors' President George

Romney, testifying in Washington, expressed some other ideas on the state of the auto market. "Sales in 1955 exceeded the level justified by the economy," said Romney, and the industry now had to "pay the price" for borrowing from the future. The industry is also paying for "deteriorating market practices . . . price 'pack,' finance 'pack,' absurd, indefensible credit, misleading advertising, overproduction." But, added Romney, there was no need for Government intervention; the automobile industry would straighten itself out.

Last week Detroit cut production into line with demand. Actually, production by any standards was still good—the 147,877 new cars produced last week were 9%

THE LOBBYIST

Influence Peddling Turns Respectable

DURING the congressional debate over Federal regulation of natural-gas producers (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Michigan's Republican Senator Charles Potter, who favors regulation, tore into the gas lobby for trying "to put pressure on me." But Senator Potter also had a powerful lobby working for his side: representatives of scores of Eastern utilities and big unions, plus a small-producers-and-consumers' committee headed by Indianapolis' former Mayor Alex M. Clark.

Natural gas is but one of many targets this year for Washington's corps of 1,000 professional lobbyists, most of whom represent business organizations. Whether lobbying helps or hinders the legislative process is a century-old, unsettled question. But there is no doubt that the practice is more widespread than ever. In fact, almost every U.S. citizen is in some way represented or affected by a lobby. The National Association of Letter Carriers is working for higher wages; the Clothespin Manufacturers of America is trying to limit imports of foreign clothespins; the Sioux Indian Tribal Council is demanding compensation for lost agricultural and game land; the American Farm Bureau Federation is pressing the Senate Agriculture Committee to broaden Agriculture Secretary Benson's soil-bank plan. As she has for some 50 years, Miss Alice ("The Little Quakeress") Paul is but-tolling Congressmen in her pursuit of equal rights for women.

"A lobbyist," Will Rogers once quipped, "is a person that is supposed to help a politician to make up his mind, not only help him but pay him." As early as 1854 the House of Representatives chased lobbyists from its floor, and in 1875 Congress pushed through a rule requiring their registration. But at the next session the lobbyists lobbied the rule out of existence, and lobbying became not only more flagrant but more fragrant. During Woodrow Wilson's Administration, Senate investigators discovered that one of their own teen-age pages was being paid to tip off the National Association of Manufacturers' lobbyist about confidential cloakroom talks.

But not until 1946 did Congress again require every lobbyist (i.e., any individual who accepts money to influence congressional legislation) to register and report his expenses. All told, last year registered lobbyists spent upwards of \$4,000,000, with the Transportation Association of America running up the biggest bill (\$227,000) for 1955's first six months. Cuba's sugar

industry has the biggest staff—23 registered lobbyists.

The Thomas Nast caricature of the bediamonded, potbellied lobbyist has faded beyond recognition. Says American Hotel Association Lobbyist Donald Montgomery: "Some businessmen are still stupid enough to want a crook for a lobbyist, a guy who can make the quick fix. But those characters are out of date." In to replace him has come a well-trained, accommodating technical expert whose facts—tailored, of course, to fit his own cause—are presented not in a backroom, but at a formal hearing. One of the lobbyist's biggest jobs is to gauge political winds and determine what he can get. Said one lobbyist: "I spend as much time educating my own people on what they can and should get as I do educating people on the Hill."

There was a time when understated Congressmen often depended on lobbyists for much of their information about pending bills; thus the lobbyist could fog the figures to suit his ends. But Congress has boosted its budget for research and analysis from \$500,000 to \$8,000,000 over the last 15 years, now can obtain the pros and cons about pending bills from non-partisan congressional experts.

The biggest danger from lobbyists is that they can often stir up an outcry against legislation that is way out of proportion to the voters they represent. One of the most potent lobbyists for high tariffs is Oscar Strackbein. To fight free trade, he can bombard Congressmen with letters and petitions from 70 high-sounding organizations—all headquartered in Strackbein's own small office in Washington.

Back in the '30s, lobbyists often tried to drum up a "grass-roots" demand on Congress by sending thousands of telegrams, often identical, signed with names copied from phone books. Congressmen are no longer impressed by such blizzards of mail. But the main goal of some of the most successful lobbyists still is to generate a genuine grass-roots demand. The Farm Bureau Federation, for example, not only works hard on Congressmen in Washington, but it also encourages its state organizations to keep close tabs on members, educate them on new legislation, persuade them to write their Congressmen. As the farm and other lobbies well know, a Congressman can resist a professional lobbyist in Washington. But he cannot ignore the authentic voice from the grass roots, even if the cry is led by a lobbyist.

fewer than the same week a year ago but still at the high annual rate of 7,700,000 units. This pace will probably not continue. G.M. President Harlow Curtice took another look at '56 sales prospects, whittled his month-ago prediction of a 7,060,000-car year to 6,500,000, which would still make 1956 the automakers' second-best year. He also announced that G.M. will spend \$7 billion, a record for one year, on expansion in 1956.

Would the auto cutback hurt steel? Said one Pennsylvania steelman: "Our other customers say that if we get any cutbacks from Detroit, ship the steel to them, for they're hungry." Said another: "We could sell twice as much steel as we're making." To make sure there is enough, American Iron & Steel Institute President Ben Fairless announced that the industry will spend \$3 billion to increase output by 5,000,000 tons yearly for each of the next three years.

New Furniture for Old

On the seventh floor of Chicago's fortress-like Furniture Mart one day last week, a grinning salesman pushed a button in the back of a sleek modern sofa. In 18 seconds the \$369 mechanical sofa whirled out into a standard-size double bed. "It does everything for you," bragged the salesman, "except put you to sleep."

For the record 24,000 buyers who packed Chicago for the two-week winter furniture market, the industry displayed thousands of items, from French provincial tables to \$43.50 teakwood rocking stools and \$350 sofas slung airily on rubber webbing instead of conventional frames. With a bold paintbrush and imaginative use of new and old materials, e.g., Fiberglas and foam rubber, grained woods and nubby fabrics, the industry had mass-produced a display of modern designs that for the first time outnumbered traditional all down the line. As the market closed, 88% of 50 manufacturers surveyed reported better sales (average increase: 42%) than at the 1955 winter market. Though most manufacturers predict price increases in 1956, buyers and sellers alike were confident that 1956 furniture sales would run 3 to 5% ahead of last year's record-breaking retail market (about \$3,750,000,000).

SHIPPING

New Fleet for Grace

From the time when it bought its first ships in 1893, Grace Line Inc. (Canada to South America) has spent \$118 million on ship construction. Last week, with a few scratchings of a pen, Grace Line President Lewis A. Lapham committed the line to a shipbuilding program that will cost more than double that amount. Lapham signed a contract with the Federal Maritime Board under which Grace promised to build, and the board agreed to subsidize, 26 ships at a cost of \$286 million. The program will completely replace Grace's present aging fleet over a 20-year period, as part of the Maritime Board's plan to modernize U.S. merchant shipping

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SKETCH OF GRACE LINE'S NEW PASSENGER SHIP
The scratch of a pen will launch a whole new fleet.

before it all becomes obsolete at once (TIME, Oct. 11, 1954).

Grace has already awarded construction contracts on two of the ships to Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. The two will be 19,338-ton, 308-passenger, air-conditioned liners to replace Grace's *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*. Cost: \$22,540,000 apiece, of which the Maritime Board will put up \$9,485,000, the difference between U.S. and foreign construction costs.

While the Grace Line was thus getting up steam, other ventures in the W. R. Grace & Co. empire were growing just as busily. The company announced last week that it would authorize \$100 million in capital spending for 1956. \$40 million of it for Grace's booming chemical ventures (among them: Grace Chemical Co., Dewey & Almy Chemical Co. Division), which in 1955 accounted for 45% of Grace's total income; only 3% in 1952. Another \$30 million will go to the Grace Line, the remainder principally to paper enterprises in South America, where Grace also has ventures in sugar, paint, textiles, light bulbs and rum bottling.

Grace can well afford the expansion. Both South American and U.S. subsidiaries are chalking up record earnings: the Grace National Bank of New York, for example, finished 1955 with net earnings of \$986,083, up 27% from 1954. Estimated earnings of W. R. Grace as a whole in 1955: more than \$17 million, roughly a 16% increase over the previous year.

MANAGEMENT

Richfield Case

Corporations must bargain with unions on stock purchase plans if the company contributes toward purchase of shares. So ruled the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington last week in a precedent-setting decision. In a case involving Richfield Oil Corp. and the C.I.O.'s International Oil Workers Union, the court upheld a National Labor Relations Board ruling that Richfield's stock plan (jointly financed by worker and company contributions) was in effect a wage increase, thus a bargaining matter. Richfield, which will appeal the case to the U.S. Supreme Court, argued that the ruling "permits the union

to represent employees not only as employees but also in their capacity as stockholders." Many a company planning stock plans for employees will be loth to start them under the new ruling.

WALL STREET

F-day

"Everybody thought he had a God-given duty to go out and buy Ford stock," groaned a harried Chicago stockbroker. "We didn't have near enough to go around."

As Wall Street expected, the 10.2 million shares of Ford stock put on sale for \$64.50 by the Ford Foundation promptly "went out the window" on F-day. The seven syndicate managers (Blyth & Co., Inc.; First Boston Corp.; Goldman, Sachs & Co.; Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; Lehman Bros.; Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane; White, Weld & Co.) each got 307,500 shares. But the 2,000 other firms that helped sell the issue got far less, sometimes as few as 1,500. Even giant Merrill Lynch could average only 9-7 shares per sale in its 114 offices.

Canadian dealers, free from SEC rules, began trading the stock several hours before the SEC officially approved the U.S. stock registration. In short order the price soared to \$69.25 a share. In U.S. over-the-counter markets (Ford will not go on the New York Stock Exchange until about March 1), it shot to \$70.75; on European markets it rose to \$72.80.

Next day big sell orders came in from European markets and speculators, and by week's end Ford stood at 65½. No stock had actually changed hands (certificates will be issued this week); everything was on faith and brokers' chits. The estimates were that as many as 500,000 investors had bought shares for a gross total of about \$660 million.

As Wall Street well knew, the fantastic buying spree was more on the magic of Ford than on the intrinsic value of the company. Though Ford is in blooming good health with assets of \$2.4 billion, sales of \$4 billion, and earnings of \$312 million for the first three quarters of 1955, its stock is no better buy than many another security. In the auto industry, for example, Ford's book value of \$34.40 per

share is about twice General Motors' but less than half Chrysler's \$73.30 per share value. On the analysts' price-earnings ratio, Ford at 65 is selling at eight times its 1955 earnings of \$8 per share, midway between Chrysler (seven times earnings at 79½) and General Motors (ten times earnings at 43½). As for dividends, Ford has announced that it will start off with a first-quarter payment of 60¢ per share, then consider the rate to be paid for the rest of the year. If dividends are \$3 per share in 1956, as many expect, Ford would pay 4.6% on its current market price, about the same as G.M. and slightly more than Chrysler.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Private Radio. A two-way radio that costs only \$119.50 per pair of units has been put on the market by Vocaline Corp. of America, Old Saybrook, Conn. Designed for both personal and business use,

HUMPHREY'S WARNING:

TAXES CAN'T STAY HIGH

At a press conference on the 1956 budget, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey warned that high taxes can restrict freedom. Said Humphrey:

I THINK there is a very definite and distinct limit to what this country can charge its taxpayers over an extended period. I think that it gets right back into what makes a democracy tick, and into what is the difference between a free country and a slave state.

The difference between a free country and a slave state—in my point of view—is our individual incentive system, freedom of individual choice, our freedom of individual opportunity, that lets free men go out and work for an incentive and not because they are told to "do it or else." Our material incentive, not our spiritual incentive, is a money incentive, and that money incentive, if it is destroyed by too much taxation, if it is reduced so far that it isn't a real incentive, can destroy our whole freedom because that will destroy free activity. That means that if you don't get free activity, you have to have slave-state activity; you have to be told, and you are going to have a dictator to tell you.

I think things that contribute to the destruction of our free-incentive system are wrong. A trend against that free-incentive system is wrong, and should only be temporarily engaged in in the event that war or something of that kind requires it. Otherwise, it should be reduced.

SEVEN BABIES A MINUTE

A bumper baby crop (average: seven births a minute) is spurring America's greatest industrial revolution. In satisfying the growing needs of a growing population, our economy is pushing through to ever-higher levels of production and consumption.

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e.g., to talk back and forth on a big construction project, the Vocaline transceiver works over a distance of ten miles if the units are in line of sight, half a mile if there are obstacles between them. It operates over the citizens frequency band reserved by the Federal Communications Commission for short-range personal communications.

Waterproof Plywood. A cheap, plastic-surfaced, waterproof plywood called Duraply, designed for the fast-growing small-boat industry, has been developed by Crown Zellerbach Corp. and U.S. Plywood Corp. Made with a new machine that permits the use of lower-grade logs, a $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick plywood panel sells at the mill for \$157 per 1,000 sq. ft., which Crown Zellerbach says is 16% less than comparable plastic-coated plywoods.

Earglasses. A hearing aid, mounted in the frame of a pair of eyeglasses, was announced by Chicago's Beltone Hearing Aid Co. The main advantage of the Hear-N-See is a complete hearing set in each side of the frame, enabling the wearer to adjust volume for each ear and to catch sounds equally well from all directions. Price: \$285.

Home Ice-Crusher. The Waring Ice Jet, an attachment for the Waring Blender that can crush a gallon of ice in a minute, will be put on the market soon by Dynamics Corp. of America. Price: \$16.95.

CinemaScope 55. A much improved CinemaScope was demonstrated by 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. The film is first shot on a 55-mm. negative, then reduced to the standard 35-mm. size used by conventional projectors. The scale-down reduces the grainy effect of the pictures, puts the background almost as clearly in focus as the foreground. Fox's Production Chief Darryl F. Zanuck claims that "we have eliminated the bothersome fall-off in focus on the sides of the screen, and totally eliminated distortion."

Dreams. General Motors' 1956 Motorama opened a four-month, coast-to-coast run in Manhattan with five new "dream cars," plus the gas-turbined Firebird II (TIME, Dec. 26) and the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham, a 1955 experimental model scheduled to go into production in August. The aluminum-roofed Brougham (base price: \$8,500) is G.M.'s answer to Ford's Continental Mark II, and features such gadgets as a driver's seat that pivots outward for easy access. Highlights of the dream cars: Chevrolet's Impala, a five-passenger hardtop version of the 225-h.p. Corvette sports car; Buick's transparent-topped Centurion, with a TV camera in the back instead of a rear view mirror. In its Kitchen of Tomorrow exhibit, G.M.'s Frigidaire Division showed an experimental dishwasher that cleans by sound waves and a marble-topped range that cooks with induction coils and never gets hot.

Riffling Ralph. A nimble-fingered machine that can count 60,000 pieces of paper an hour has been installed by New York's Guaranty Trust Co. to speed up counting of stock certificates. "Riffling Ralph" is made by England's Vacuumatic, Ltd. Price: about \$5,600.

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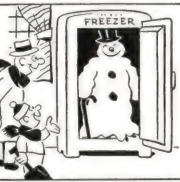
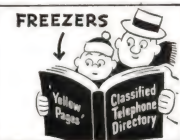
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Four Out of 40

How free is the free press in the Western world? The International Press Institute, financed by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, last week reported that out of 40 so-called free countries surveyed, only four—Britain, Sweden, Denmark and Belgium—could boast a press fully free of government restrictions. The I.P.I. surveyors disqualified the U.S. from this select group. Reason: censorship barriers imposed by federal agencies in overclassifying information.

The Scoop That Wasn't

When Senator McCarthy was riding highest in 1953, a flush-faced man named Paul Hughes held out a bright promise to some of the Senator's bitterest foes. The promise: he could unhorse McCarthy with a dossier of "proof" that the Senator's investigators were resorting freely to burglary, blackmail, bribery and frame-ups to serve McCarthy's ends. Last week Hughes went on trial in a Manhattan federal courtroom on a charge of perjury, in what, a U.S. attorney called "one of the most fantastic schemes to make money in the annals of modern political intrigue."

Before the scheme collapsed, said the prosecution, Hughes mulcted Joseph Rauh Jr., chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, out of \$8,500 for "expenses" in investigating McCarthy investigators, took another \$2,300 from trusting Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest*, and gulled the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald* into writing—but not quite publishing—a twelve-part series "exposing" McCarthy.

Guns in the Basement. Hughes, 35, an Iowa man who spent 16 years in the Army, showed up in Washington as a civilian in 1953 looking for a job as a McCarthy investigator. He never got it; but that was how he described himself, according to the prosecution, when he called on Democrat Fritchey, promising sensational disclosures because he was "disillusioned." Fritchey paid Hughes for months of "research." When that failed to produce any legal evidence against McCarthy, Fritchey bade Hughes goodbye.

In Rauh, said the U.S. attorney, Hughes found a more gullible customer for his bulging file of "documents" and diary notes. Among Hughes's fantastic reports was one of a secret White House meeting at which President Eisenhower himself joined McCarthy and other Republican bigwigs to plot Red-hunting strategy. Rauh did not even question Hughes's report that McCarthy kept an arsenal of Luers and submachine guns in the basement of the Senate Office Building. Rauh testified that he also agreed to pay "expense money" for an agent named Bill Decker.

It was Rauh who put the *Washington Post* onto the story. In the belief that a Pulitzer Prize plum had dropped into

their laps, top *Post* executives saw Hughes repeatedly, without seeing through him. Once, when things seemed about to come to a head, Publisher Phil Graham rushed to tell Attorney General Herbert Brownell that the paper might have to call him at any hour of the day or night with a startling story. Graham could not tell him about it, but a baffled Brownell obliged with his night telephone number.

Fresh Twist. Finally, Hughes demanded that the *Post* break the story because his "double role" was getting too risky. Assistant Managing Editor Al Friendly began writing the series—and running into facts that cried out for checking. The paper assigned a reporter to the checking job, and demanded that Hughes produce his elusive collaborator Bill Decker. It



N. Y. Daily News

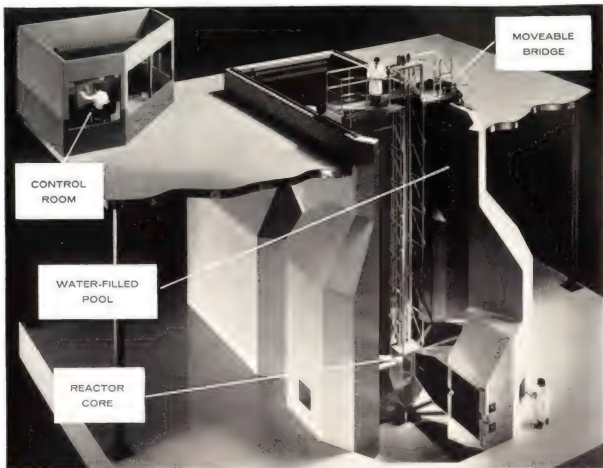
TIPSTER HUGHES

He promised a Pulitzer Prize.

soon turned out that Decker and others quoted by Hughes just did not exist.

The *Post* and Rauh washed their hands of Hughes and suffered their embarrassment in silence. But, the prosecution claimed, Hughes would not let well enough alone. He next turned up at the FBI and then before a New York grand jury with another curious tale. While the headlines were occupied with Harvey Matusow, the professional witness who admitted giving false testimony on Communist activities, Hughes charged that Matusow's recantation was the result of a conspiracy by Rauh and others. The grand jury summoned Rauh and the rest. To make their indignant denials stick, they told the whole sorry story of how they had been duped—and the jury indicted Hughes on six counts of perjury.

In his opening statement last week, Hughes's lawyer indicated that he would go along with much of the prosecution's version of the story—with one big, fresh



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Hughes twist, i.e., that Rauh and his friends knew all along that Hughes was fabricating his "evidence." But Rauh testified that he had not known. Said he sadly: "I trusted Mr. Hughes implicitly."

Anatomist of Crime

The man who made more money out of the great Brink's robbery than any of the men who robbed Brink's is still at large—and still making money out of it. For the Boston *Globe's* Joseph F. Dinneen, 57, dean of New England crime reporters, the big heist got him a *Globe* column called "Brink's Notebook," a handful of magazine articles, a book (*Anatomy of a Crime*) and a movie sale (*Six Bridges to Cross*). Dinneen's estimated haul, before taxes: \$150,000. Last week Dinneen was looking for more pay dirt. He was working to prove his theory that there was an inside man on the Brink's job.

Ahead of the Police. Five years ago Joe Dinneen knew most of the story of who had pulled the job and how. So did the police, who lacked the evidence to make arrests until Specs O'Keefe "sang" about his ten accomplices (*TIME*, Jan. 23). But Dinneen, who had been beating his competitors regularly on the story, also beat the police. He told the story vividly—and hedged against libel—by disguising it thinly as fiction, first in a *Collier's* piece, then in his book.

Reporter Dinneen spotted Tony Pino, the gang's mastermind, when he was first brought in for questioning by police. He got to know him well and through him the rest of the gang, won their confidence.

Once when Pino called Dinneen to a rendezvous in a hotel room, the reporter went to the phone and told his city desk where he was—just in case. Pino looked hurt. "Joe," he admonished, "you should know you didn't have to do that." When writing his book, Dinneen wanted to use Pino's history as the background of the main character, Tony Turchino, but feared libel. Pino obligingly gave him a written release.

Crooks & the Cardinal. Dinneen started on the *Globe* in 1922, not with crooks but with a cardinal. The paper hired him as a shorthand specialist and put him to covering the late William Cardinal O'Connell. Dinneen and the cardinal got along well enough, after their fashion. Once, on a ship during a pilgrimage to Rome, Cardinal O'Connell noticed a young lady applying lipstick, upbraided her severely. That evening, while the cardinal relaxed over a glass of port and a cigar, Dinneen asked him why he had been so rough on the girl. "The Holy Virgin Mary didn't use lipstick," said the cardinal. Retorted Dinneen: "And Jesus Christ didn't smoke cigars."

Dinneen soon turned to crime. The story that made his name broke in 1934 when he and another newsman split a \$5,000 reward for helping to solve a murder case for which two men were wrongly jailed. After the two suspects were freed and paid \$2,500 each by the state for false imprisonment, one of them met Dinneen on the street. He remarked on the report-



REPORTER DINNEEN
Crime does pay.

er's reward money and asked: "What did it cost you to get it?" "Nothing," said Dinneen. "Why?" The ex-suspect then told how he and his companion had been forced to pay \$1,000 each to the Boston politician who had pushed the resolution to pay the suspects for their false arrest. Dinneen's story helped put the politician in jail.

Keeping It in the Family. Dinneen no longer works out of the *Globe* city room. His headquarters are in a dingy private office half a block away from the *Globe*, where callers who require privacy can get it. But a Dinneen is still a fixture in the *Globe* city room: his son, Joe Jr., 32, also is a crime specialist. Last week, while his father was back on the Brink's beat, young Dinneen drew the other top current crime assignment, a murder trial in Plymouth. Another son, Robert, 30, is a newsreel cameraman—who covered the same trial for TV. Says Dinneen: "We are keeping it in the family."

Truce in Cincinnati

The fight over control of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* appeared to have reached a truce last week. It began when Reporter James H. Ratliff Jr. and City Editor Jack Cronin charged top management with feathering its own nest at the paper's expense—and promptly lost their jobs (*TIME*, Dec. 5 *et seq.*). But last week stockholders overwhelmingly re-elected Reporter Ratliff to the *Enquirer's* board of directors. Assistant Publisher Eugene Duffield—one of the employees' main targets—announced his resignation, and Publisher Roger Fergus, whose annual earnings of as much as \$104,700 had come under fire, admitted that he might well take less for his services. The board told Fergus to "adjudicate" the question of Ratliff's and Cronin's discharge, and he assured everyone that his first task would now be to "recreate harmony" on the paper.



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MILESTONES

Married. Mickey ("The Toy Bulldog") Walker, 54, oldtime welterweight (1922-26) and middleweight (1926-31) world boxing champion turned artist and Manhattan restaurateur; and Martha Gallagher, 35; he for the seventh time, she for the second; in Elizabeth, N.J.

Died. Makbule Atadan, 66, sister and last of the immediate family of the late Mustafa Kemal Ataturk ("Father of the Turks"); of cancer; at Gulhane Military Academy of Medicine; in Ankara.

Died. Charles W. Dingle, 68, long-time character actor of stage (*The Little Foxes*) and screen (*State of the Union*); of cancer; in Worcester, Mass.

Died. Johnny Layton, 68, famed billiards champion of the '20s and '30s, seven-time winner (1920-22, 1928-30, 1934) of the world three-cushion title; winner (in 1916) of the world pocket-billiards title; of a heart ailment; at a rooming house in St. Louis.

Died. Rudolf S. Hecht, 70, financier, board chairman of the Mississippi Shipping Co. and of New Orleans' famed foreign-trade center, International House; of a heart attack; in New Orleans. A life-long advocate of U.S.-Latin American relations, he engineered last year's Inter-American Investment Conference, sponsored by the city of New Orleans and Time Inc., to persuade U.S. businessmen to invest in Latin American markets.

Died. Louis Oppenheimer, 85, director of London's Diamond Corp., which controls 90% of the world's diamond production; in Gerard's Cross, England. One of five brothers who built the worldwide Oppenheimer holdings (i.e., the Anglo-American Corp., with more than 200 subsidiaries in gold, diamonds, copper and other enterprises, worth about \$3 billion). Louis Oppenheimer headed the marketing apparatus of the family's diamond interests, while his brother Sir Ernest ("The King of Diamonds") became director of the corporation in Johannesburg.

Died. Frederick G. Zinsser, 87, organizer, president (1897-1925) and chairman of the board (1925-52) of Zinsser & Co., chemical manufacturing firm; in Hastings on Hudson, N.Y. Among his noted relatives: his daughters, Ellen, wife of former U.S. High Commissioner for Germany John J. McCloy; and Peggy, wife of former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's Lewis Douglas; his brother, the late Bacteriologist-Author Hans (Rats, Lice and History) Zinsser.

Died. Charles J. Hardy, 89, president (1933-44) and board chairman (1944-51) of American Car & Foundry Co. (now ACF Industries, Inc., with 16,500 employees in 20 plants), the second largest U.S. railroad-car maker; in Manhattan.

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Mr. Franklin

Benjamin Franklin once expressed the humorous hope that, by being embalmed in wine, he might come to life in the future "and observe the state of America . . . my dear country." Had his wish been fulfilled, Old Printer Franklin would have found America churning out printed matter beyond his wildest dreams (or fears). At present, he would have found a good deal of that printed matter devoted to himself, for this month marks the 250th anniversary of his birth. Among the month's Franklin literature:

BEN FRANKLIN—AN AFFECTIONATE PORTRAIT, by Nelson Beecher Keyes (*Harvard House*: \$2.95), is a kindly, perhaps too uncritical biography which will do for youngsters who may some day want to know more.

BEN FRANKLIN'S PRIVATEERS, by William Bell Clark (*Louisiana State University*: \$3.75), is a brief account of Franklin's efforts, as an American commissioner in France, to capture British seamen who could be exchanged for American prison-

ers held in England. His privateers, based on French ports, didn't get very far, but Author Clark had better get to the historical novel he has outlined in this book, or somebody else will.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE devotes an entire issue (\$1) to an elaboration of the ideas concerning science and society which Franklin elaborated with elementary but nice two-plus-two clairvoyance.

THE SECRET WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, by Helen Augur (Duell, Sloan & Pearce—*Little, Brown*: \$4.75), details Franklin's efforts to supply the American colonies under the nose of the world's greatest maritime power.

MR. FRANKLIN—A SELECTION FROM HIS PERSONAL LETTERS (Yale University: \$3.75), is a charming handful of Franklin letters (see box), beautifully printed, selected from the thousands which will make up the definitive edition (partly financed by TIME Inc.) now being prepared at Yale University.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by Carl Van Doren (Viking: \$4.95), is a reissue of

FROM BEN'S LETTERS

To Jane Franklin:

Sister, farewell and remember that modesty, as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel.

To Madame d'Harcourt Brillon:

(A friend.)

People commonly speak of *Ten Commandments*. I have been taught that there are *twelve*. The first was, *Increase and multiply and replenish the Earth*. The *twelfth* is, *A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another*. It seems to me that they are a little misplac'd, and that the last should have been the first. However, I never made any Difficulty about that, but was always willing to obey them both whenever I had an Opportunity. Pray tell me, my dear Casuist, whether my keeping religiously these two Commandments, may not be accepted in Compensation for my breaking so often one of the Ten, I mean that which forbids Coveting my Neighbor's Wife . . .

To Elizabeth Partridge:

(His stepiece.)

You mention the Kindness of the French Ladies to me. I must explain that matter. This is the civiliest Nation upon Earth . . . If 'tis understood that you like Mutton, dine where you will you find Mutton. Somebody, it seems,

gave it out that I lov'd Ladies; and then everybody presented me their Ladies (or the Ladies presented themselves) to be embrac'd, that is to have their Necks kiss'd. For as to kissing of Lips or Cheeks, it is not the Mode here. The first is reckon'd rude, and the other may rub up the Paint. The French Ladies have however 1000 other ways of rendering themselves agreeable; by their various Attentions and Civilities, and their sensible Conversation. 'Tis a delightful People to live with.

To Lafayette:

I continue to suffer from this cruel Gout: But . . . the News of Madame de la Fayette's safe Delivery and your Acquisition of a Daughter gives me Pleasure. In naming our Children I think you do well to begin with the most antient State. And as we cannot have too many of so good a Race, I hope you and Madame de la Fayette will go thro' the Thirteen . . . While you are proceeding, I hope our States will some of them new-name themselves. Miss Virginia, Miss Carolina, and Miss Georgiana will sound prettily enough; but Massachusetts and Connecticut, are too harsh even for the Boys, unless they were to be Savages.

To George Washington:

Should Peace arrive after another Campaign or two . . . I should be happy to see your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my Age and Strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous Kingdoms. You

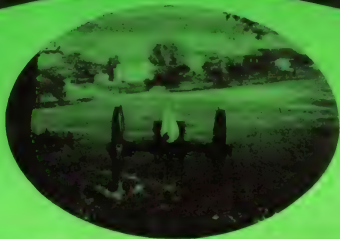
would on this Side of the Sea, enjoy the great Reputation you have acquir'd pure and free from those little Shades that the Jealous and Envy of a Man's Countrymen and Contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living Merit. Here you would know, and enjoy, what Posterity will say of Washington. For a 1000 Leagues have nearly the same Effect with 1000 Years. The feeble Voice of those groveling Passions cannot extend so far either in Time or Distance. At present I enjoy that Pleasure for you as I frequently hear the old Generals of this martial Country, (who study the Maps, and mark upon them all your Operations) speak with sincere Approbation and great Applause of your Conduct [as] one of the greatest Captains of the Age.

I must soon quit the Scene, but you may live to see our Country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the War is over. Like a Field of young Indian Corn, which long Fair weather and Sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which in that weak State, by a Thunder Gust of violent Wind, Hail and Rain seem'd to be threatened with absolute Destruction; yet the Storm being once past, it recovers fresh Verdure shoots up with double Vigour, and delights the Eye not of its Owner only but of every observing Traveller.

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Where Quality is a Responsibility and Fair Dealing an Obligation

what is still the best of all books about Benjamin Franklin, a Pulitzer Prize biography that saw Ben plain, as few Americans have been seen by their biographers. Looming over all these, there is Ben Franklin's own *Autobiography* (available in everything from a 35¢ Pocket Book to Heritage's \$5 edition), which, according to Van Doren, has seen more editions in the U.S. than any book save the Bible.

Critics, editorialists and pleaders of all kinds are having a field day with the Franklin works. Over the centuries, he has been claimed by atheist- and believers—liberals and conservatives, good fellows and fellow travelers. Prohibitionists and wets—the wets, incidentally, pointing to Franklin's remarkable argument that God made the joints of the arm just long enough to carry a glass to the mouth without missing the mark. He had his era's versatility, the tinkering curiosity, the sublime belief in the answerability of all questions—but all that with a Philadelphia accent of thrift and humor. Even crusty New Englander John Adams, seemingly too patrician to accept a self-made boy at his true worth, had to admit: "There was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a *valet de chambre*, coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen, who . . . did not consider him a friend to human kind."

Franklin earned the world's respect for himself and his young country by the simple process of being his commonsensical self. And common sense is the quality that shines in all the Franklin works, from Poor Richard's early-to-bed, early-to-rise almanac platitudes to his witty letters. Yet Franklin's "dear country" needs, in the 20th century more than common sense—and there is more than that to be found in Franklin's life and writings. It took more than common sense—namely, guts—to face the wigs of 18th-century Europe in a fur cap. It took more (or perhaps less) than common sense—namely, a theatrical flair—to allow the great ladies of the French court to crown his balding head with a laurel wreath. It took more than common sense—namely, faith and knowledge—to stand before the House of Commons and make a case for the fantastic proposition that 13 small colonies could hold out against the commercial and military might of the British Empire, rather than submit to unfair taxes.

Franklin embodied the Enlightenment, and in mankind's memory that age has been often degraded by its heirs. But Franklin, in his special way, combined the Enlightenment with American lightning. That was his achievement—and that is why he still makes remarkably good reading.

Retrial

THE DREYFUS CASE (400 pp.)—Guy Chapman—Reynal (\$5).

"About anyone so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we can never be right," T. S. Eliot once wrote, "and if we can never be right, it is better that we should from time to time change our way of be-



CAPTAIN DREYFUS
Wrong in a different way.

ing wrong." The Eliot dictum applies just as handily to the great controversies of history, among which the Dreyfus case ranks high. British Historian Guy Chapman would like to change the conventional way of being wrong about the case, not by suggesting that the French artillery captain was guilty after all, but that those who shaped the treason charges against him were not so guilty as half a century of pro-Dreyfus literature makes them out to be. Among Author Chapman's more debatable points: "Anti-Semitism played little, perhaps no part in the arrest of the unhappy victim or in his trial."

Even when the evidence seems to refute such arguments, Chapman pursues the Dreyfus case like a detective, tries it like a judge, and breathes life into it like a good novelist. If his book sometimes lacks the courtroom dramatics of *Captain Dreyfus* by Hungarian Journalist Nicholas Halasz (TIME, Aug. 1), it is because Chapman is busy with a more telling drama on a larger stage—the kind of France in which a Dreyfus case could happen.

Tragedy of Errors. France was restless and unhappy in the 1880s and early 1890s. The army was still licking its wounded pride over Germany's blatz victory of 1870-71. Church and state intermittently sniped at each other. Sixteen Cabinets formed and fell in a dozen years. It was an edgy and suspicious age, and no one was edgier or more suspicious than the staff of the innocuously named Statistical Section, the French army's counterintelligence agency.

"No spy was wholly trustworthy, and thus . . . counter-espionage staffs began an elaborate industry in the fabrication of false reports and misleading plans to be deliberately sold to the enemy. By 1893, so involved had the practice become in the Statistical Section, that it is doubtful if its members knew what documents were secret, which were genuine and which of



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the low-lived creatures they paid were in their own service or that of the enemy."

One document the Statistical Section did recognize as the work of a bona fide traitor was a list of French military secrets that it ran across in September 1894. Historian Chapman ably retells the story of how, with a few slipshod handwriting comparisons, a War Office clique decided that studious, impersonable, wealthy and unpopular Captain Alfred Dreyfus was the logical culprit. Author Chapman argues that Dreyfus' court-martial and imprisonment at Devil's Island were mostly a tragedy of honest errors, not a conspiracy of racial malice.

Legacy of Terror. Chapman has little use for Dreyfus' famed defender, Emile (J'accuse) Zola. In his view, for all of Zola's courage, the man behind the pen was little more than a pompous, vainglorious donkey. Zola helped bring about Alfred Dreyfus' exoneration in 1906, but it did not really turn out to be the victory his supporters had hoped for. Dreyfus pleased his friends no better than his foes: he irked them by not becoming a "Dreyfusard." Wrote Charles Peguy, who had fought the anti-Semite gangs in the streets: "We might have died for Dreyfus; Dreyfus has not died for Dreyfus." Dreyfus lived to fight another day, and well, at Chemin des Dames and Verdun in World War I, before dying at 75 in 1935.

While Author Chapman convincingly clears Dreyfus' enemies of any monstrously calculated "clerico-military plot," he fails to see that they lie under the shadow of a greater guilt than simply abetting a miscarriage of justice. Many a hand raised against Dreyfus was, in reality, ready to strike down the Third Republic.

But, Historian Chapman believes, the hands raised for Dreyfus did not necessarily help the Republic, in the long run. What began as the righteous fight to save an individual from the stupidity or malice of other individuals was turned into an ideological campaign against the army as a whole, against nationalism, against the church. Waving the bloody shirt—or torn epaulets—of Captain Dreyfus, generations of French liberals of all shades inveighed against "militarism" or "clericalism." The rejoinders from the right were correspondingly bitter. Thus reality in French politics became increasingly obscured by a kind of vicious, ideological sentimentality, and the long-existing split in French national life was deepened. That split has again and again threatened to place French democracy at the mercy of a pack of authoritarian intransigents, from the extremists in Dreyfus' day to the Communists and Poujadists of today. That is the real tragedy still evoked by the Dreyfus case.

Neo-Pagan

ASPECTS OF LOVE (188 pp.)—David Garnett—Harcourt, Brace (\$3).

This book is like a game of musical chairs played in bed. Husbands and lovers, wives and mistresses are whisked in and out of each other's arms with such worldly



Lutilla Sherrard

NOVELIST GARNETT
Like musical chairs in bed.

wise frivolity as to suggest that English Novelist David ("Bunny") Garnett has snatched his basic idea from *La Ronde*. The biological hero of the novel is handsome Alexander Golightly (Alexis to his friends), who is in his late teens when *Aspects of Love* begins. Aspiring to the labors of Venus rather than Hercules, Alexis proposes two weeks of illicit bliss to Rose, a stranded French actress with a Greek drape shape. They withdraw to an unused south-of-France villa owned by Alexis' uncle. But the uncle, Sir George Dillingham, a 62-year-old Edwardian dandy, steals a march on the lovers with his secret weapon ("The old Rolls stopped noiselessly outside"). Achieving complete surprise, Uncle George manages to detach Rose from Alexis.

After two years of army duty, Alexis comes home to London and finds Rose ensconced as his uncle's mistress. Alexis coaxes her into a bedroom reunion, but at this point and over the next decade, the plot begins subdividing like an amoeba: 1) Rose takes up with a 20-year-old named Vincent; 2) Sir George dies; 3) Alexis and another of Uncle George's girl friends, an Italian contessa, get high at his funeral and land flat in some French hay; 4) Rose and Uncle George's daughter Jenny, by now a remarkably early-blooming 13-year-old, begins stalking Alexis. At novel's end, Alexis runs off with the contessa, but in effect tells Jenny to go stand in a corner for five years until she is suitably aged for his gourmet pallet. If it ever took itself any more seriously than a popping champagne cork, *Aspects of Love* would be silly and embarrassing. But in his neo-pagan way, Novelist Garnett, 63, is deftly amusing. He also demonstrates that, if an Englishman really tries, he can be a lot more Gallic than the Gauls—at least on paper.

TIME, JANUARY 30, 1956

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Revive energy—spend your calories
By making it a part of your regular

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Life with Father. In Toledo, nervously sitting on the edge of his wife's hospital bed awaiting the birth of their first child, 200-lb. Policeman Melvin Bretnier fainted and fell off the bed, broke his ankle, gashed a nine-stitch wound in his head.

Wishful Drinking. In Nowata, Okla., Robert B. Hill was held for trial on a drunk-driving charge despite his protest that the liquor was administered after the accident by a stranger who found him pinned beneath his car, poured whiskey down his throat to ease his suffering.

Point of Honor. In Sacramento, after police picked him up as a Peeping-Tom suspect on a woman's complaint, Donald Erby indignantly denied the charge: "I was waiting for the old lady to go to bed so I could steal her car."

Beginner's Luck. In Lewistown, Pa., arrested for driving without a license, Hurley Treaster, 50, was sentenced to three to six months in jail after he proudly told police that he hadn't used one since 1922.

Days at the Races. In Los Angeles, granted a divorce after she testified that her estranged husband neglected his family by spending so much time and money on his five cars (a 1924 Maxwell, a custom-built Pinard, a 1952 Willys, a 1953 Morgan, a 1954 Packard), Mrs. Edith Thompson moaned in court: "Your Honor, I'm a sports-car widow."

Self-Starter. In Limington, Me., while hanging up the sign for the local Masonic lodge's new, loudly touted health center, Worshipful Master Arthur Libby fell off the ladder, broke his right foot, became the center's first patient.

Dark Victory. In Brisbane, Australia, William Young was fined \$33 after he flew into a rage when a streetcar passed him by, chased the car in a cab, hopped aboard, punched the conductor in the nose as he shouted: "This will teach you to wait for me!"

Lay-Away Plan. In Passaic, N.J., after being arrested for the third time for beating his wife, Allen Irving complained that his 90-day jail sentence would be a "hardship," was told by Magistrate H. Dick Cohen: "We'll make an exception in your case: you can come to jail every Saturday night and stay until Sunday night—for [a total of] 90 days."

Haughtyculturist. In Gerrard's Cross, England, outraged when he found four of his favorite rhododendron bushes missing, Fernley F. Parker chained the remaining five to a nearby oak tree, put up a sign in red crayon: "The person who has now stolen four of my special rhododendrons from here is a despicable coward and thief."



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